

ALICE COOPER  
SCHOOLS OUT  
EXCLUSIVE!  
INTERVIEW  
WITH MAKE-OUT  
VIRTUOSO  
TONY REDUNZO



IT • 133 • 15p • July 6 •

THE HUGHES  
COSMIC  
CANCER CURE



Photofeature Victims  
of Americanisation



# STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE





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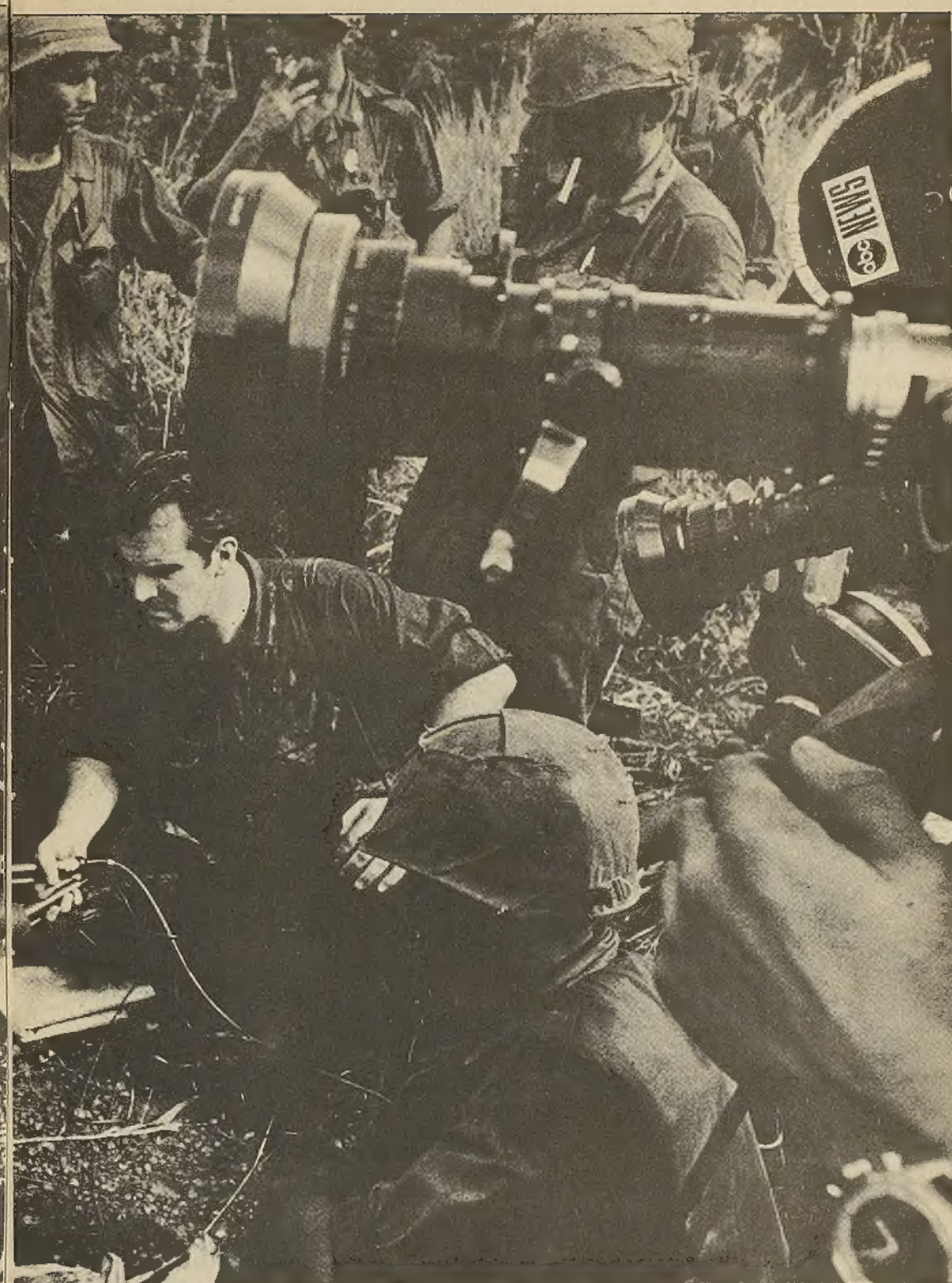




**If you are not careful,  
the newspapers will  
have you hating the people  
who are being oppressed  
and loving the people who  
are doing the oppressing.**

MALCOLM X

AMERICAN NEWS CORRESPONDENTS  
INTERVIEW DYING NLF SOLDIER  
SOUTH VIETNAM, 1967





# IT'S FLOGGO TIME



## BOOKS

**LEAVES OF GRASS** 55p.  
Everything you always wanted to know about marijuana.

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All prices are inclusive of post and packing. Please allow 30 days for processing. Overseas orders should add 50p extra for postage (sorry!).

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I enclose £..... for the goods marked.

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"IN 1966 there was"

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## APOLOGY:

Itmail would like to say to all those customers awaiting their orders for records that supplies are coming through, slowly, and all orders will be filled as soon as possible. Please be patient with us, there's been a lot of rip-offs and confusion involved in setting up this mail order service, and we are getting it together. Love, Brenda Anderson.

## PATCHES

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OZ FRIENDZ

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JACQUI

JANE

40

IT.

# THE INTERNATIONAL TIMES

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST NET SALE

No. 2230

Registered at the G. P. O. as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1960

One Halfpenny

**HOW THREE LONDON POLICEMEN WERE MURDERED BY FOREIGN BURGLARS WHO WERE TRYING TO BREAK INTO A JEWELLER'S SHOP.**



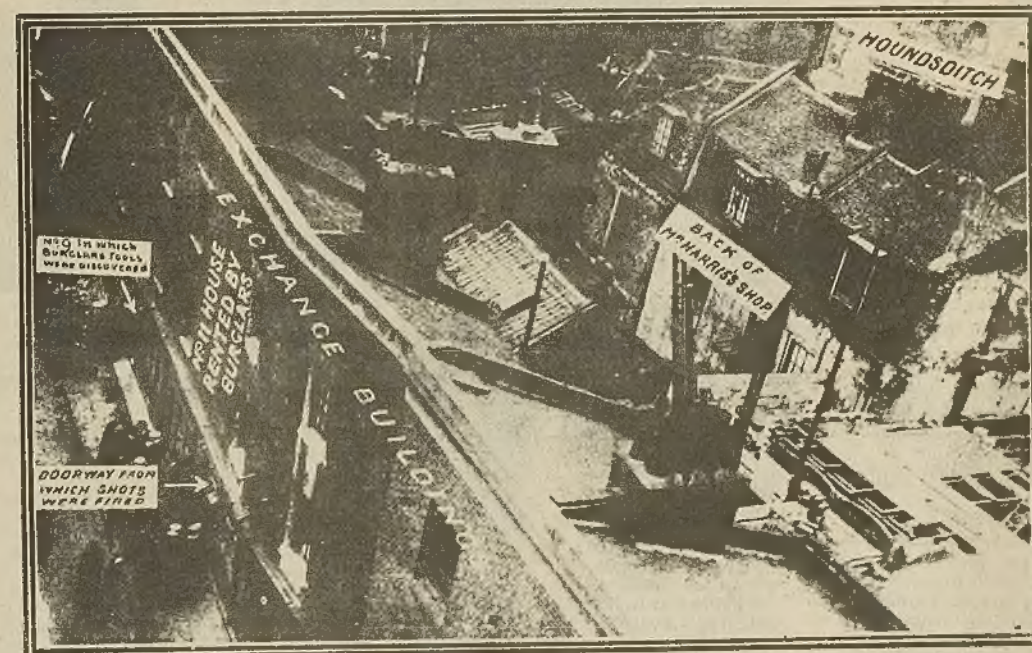
Sergeant Tucker, who died shortly after receiving his injuries. A bullet lodged in his throat.



Sergeant Bebbles, who died in hospital on Saturday. A bullet penetrated his neck and shoulder.



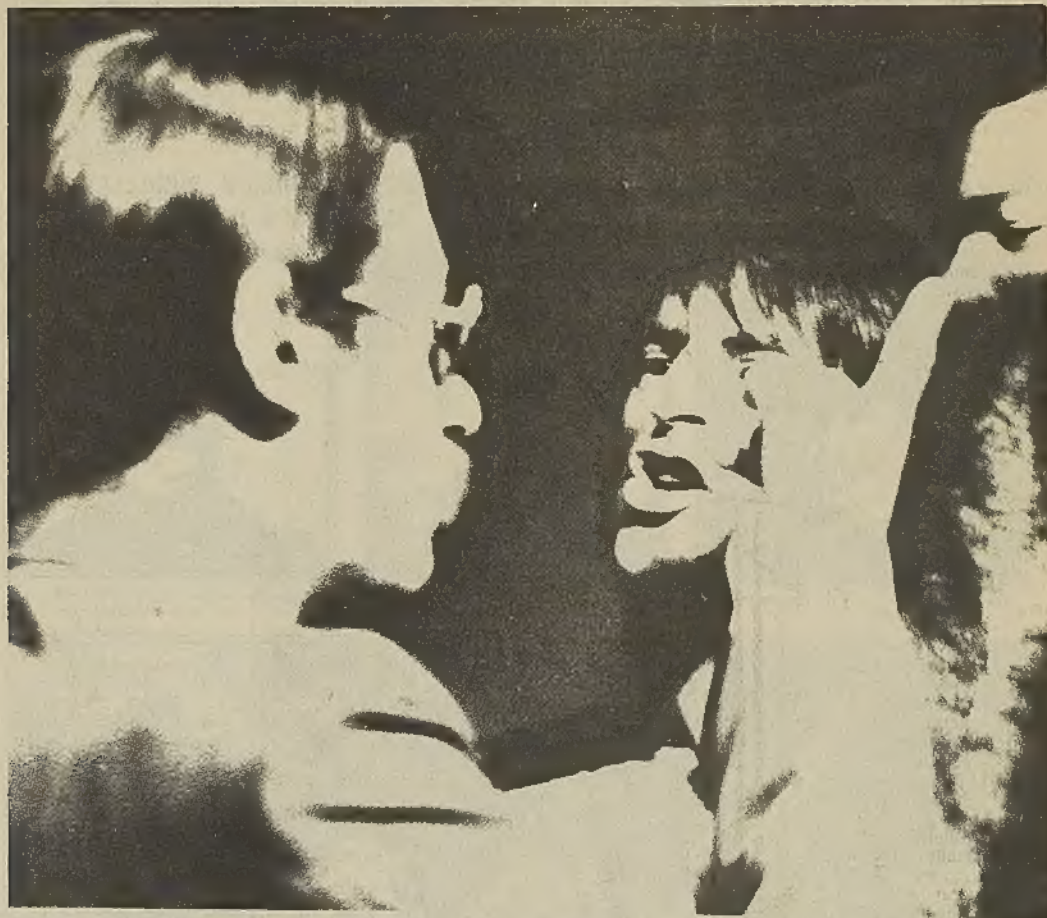
Constable Clunty, who succumbed to his wounds on Saturday. He was shot in several places.



Police officers standing outside the Exchange Building, showing where the burglars were shot. The burglars were seen running away from the building. The police officers were standing in front of the building. The burglars were seen running away from the building. The police officers were standing in front of the building.



# HOME NEWS



London: The launching party for the controversial women's magazine, *Spare Rib*, was a remarkably peaceful affair, the world of straight journalism mingling more or less amicably with the hippie press; until the arrival of several gay feminists, a militant offspring of *Gay Liberation*. Our Gay Feminist Brothers proceeded to hurl abuse at the party en masse, *Spare Rib* in particular, and the world generally. The combined forces of drunken journalists had no sooner evicted the enemy within than the police arrived, sniffed around, uttered pleasantries, and went away again. The first issue of *Spare Rib*, incidentally, is selling with consummate ease.

## THE STOKE NEWINGTON TRIAL

London: The trial has been going on for six weeks now. At the beginning of the case, Judge James said he thought it would last about ten weeks. When the defence said it would more likely last 3 to 4 months, James laughed and pointed out to the jury that counsel often do exaggerate. Recently James met with the

defence and the prosecution and suggested a four week adjournment to come in August. His early estimate may have been based on the fact that he'd planned a holiday for August, and he still intends to take it. It's still not clear whether or not the defence will agree to the adjournment, and if James can call it whether they agree or not.

The eight are in two rows of four in the

dock. Hillary Creek, John Barker, Anna Mendleson and Jim Greenfield are in the front. Angela Wier, Kate McClean, Chris Bort and Stuart Christie behind. Jim's being represented by MacDonald, Angela by Mansfield, Kate by Glasgow, Chris by Lawton-Scott (the only QC), and Stuart by Winston. Hillary, Anna and John are defending themselves, each with the help of

a friend. In front and below the dock is a large table where these friends, the clerks, the solicitors and a tape-recorder sit. Also at the table are a few police clerks, an exhibits man, and (still) Haberschon...Det. Chief Superintendent.

There's always too many people for the table, so there are always some sitting on the side in front of the jury. The flow of

friends (legally known as Mackenzies), clerks and barristers going up to the dock to talk to the defendants, give advice, take instruction, is extraordinary. If the routine passivity of defendants has been challenged by the decision of some to defend themselves, so has the isolation of all of them been challenged by

the (apparent) togetherness of the barristers. It is perhaps a small point but it's very reassuring NOT to see the defence counsels joking and chatting with the prosecution before the Judge enters each day. There's only two sides in the case—the prosecution (the police) and the defence (the eight) and each side is accusing the other of conspiracy—and for a change everyone appears to recognise that.

Anyone who saw any of the Mangrove trial knows what it feels like to see and hear people defending themselves. No wigs, no gowns, no archaic verbal etiquette, just everyday clothes and everyday language—puncturing the pompous ritual which deals with peoples' lives. Those defending themselves became real for the jury the moment they opened their mouths, something that doesn't usually happen until they get into the witness box. Each day, as the three become more skilled and confident at cross-examination, the jury comes to know each of them a little better. By the end of the trial they'll know a lot about the lives, feelings and ideas of the people they'll be asked to convict or acquit.

The defendants have applied twice that the jury be allowed to ask questions verbally, whenever they feel like it. This would break down the jury's anonymity as well as encourage their spontaneous participation in the proceedings. At any rate it's been refused and the jury are only permitted the standard (rarely encouraged) routine of putting questions in writing to the Judge who

answers it himself (usually rephrasing the question) or asks the prosecution or the defence to do so. The application to allow the jury to speak is an important one for the defence—it will probably be made again.

So far the jury has appeared to be very attentive and interested, taking notes and asking questions

receipt to be given for private property taken on a raid?"—put to a Special Branch officer who didn't give one).

It's going to be a long trial, and sitting it out is going to be an ordeal for anyone who has to go to the Bailey each day. At the moment the jury are far from passive, disinterested or bored. We can only hope



The Nasty Four

even through some of the most boring and repetitive expert evidence. Several questions they had the Judge put to the prosecution were ones the defence might have put (eg, "is it normal for a

that it stays like that.

The Stoke Newington 8 Defence Group still need financial support. £30 per week is needed for tapes and food for the defendants. Please help. Box 359, Compendium Books, 240 Camden High Street, London NW1.

London: In the same week that the result of the IT appeal to the Lords was announced, news came through that the present directors of the company will be appearing at Newington Causeway Court shortly to answer charges for *Nasty Tales* No.1.

On 14 June the Law Lords: decided that the publishers and three directors of IT had conspired to corrupt public morals by publishing the advertisements for homosexuals.

However, they quashed the conviction on conspiracy to outrage public decency, by a vote of four to one.

Lord Diplock, who upheld both appeals, thought that the House of Lords had mistakenly curtailed the liberty of the citizen in this case and that the decision should be overruled.

The present publishers of IT, Bloom (Publications) Ltd, have been charged under the Obscene Publications Act obscene articles for gain, namely *Nasty Tales* No.1. *Nasty Tales* is a comic book brought out as a supplement to IT.

The directors and company were charged in court in March this year. Mr Martin Woodnutt, prosecuting, said it was alleged that certain articles in the magazine depicted sexual matters without any tenderness.

The directors, Mick Farron, Edward Barker and Paul Lewis, together with company secretary Joy Farron, will have to appear at Newington Causeway Court next month to answer charges

If you have seen a copy of *Nasty Tales* No.1 and wish to help the defence, please contact Mac, *Nasty Tales* Defence Fund, 116 Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF. All monies will be received on behalf of the defence costs. *Nasty* badges are now in stock.



**London:** The pigs did a good job of creating a few more militants from a crowd of peaceful ecology freaks on Saturday 24th June by illustrating their power to arrest without cause.

It was a gentle bike-in protesting pollution, but the sight of 200 cyclists taking over the road (some with longish hair, even!) freaked some of the Park Lane drivers—especially one guy in his gold Rolls Royce—maybe he thought we'd scratch his shiny piece of polluting shit!

One American Express coach driver became so irate at having to follow us at our leisurely pace that he deliberately rammed the cycle in front of him. Fortunately the cyclist wasn't hurt but his cycle managed to twist up the coach's fender without doing any damage to itself. As there were too many witnesses to the truth of the situation, the pigs waited about 5 minutes before arresting the cyclist on a hallucinogenised obscuration charge.

Anyone who showed resistance to the pigs was arrested (talking back to a police officer without tears of contrition in the eyes is an offence punishable by immediate arrest nowadays).

When Downing St. became a race track for slogan-shouting, bell-ringing cyclists (the most extreme political statement being "Free Public Transport") the pigs were enraged and arrested a few more demonstrators for not showing the correct respect for such hallowed ground.

The tourists enjoyed the spectacle and we completed the route despite 7 arrests being

made. The defendants will be appearing at Bow St. Magistrates Court on 26, 27 June and 13 July.

**Yorkshire:** Anyone who has been through that heavy police rigmarole usually reported in the squeemish press as '...helping the police with their enquiries' might raise a smile at some recent pig antics in Yorkshire.

When the Chief Constable of the West Riding Police was facing allegations of discrepancies in his travelling expenses, the Yorkshire Post, acting on information received, published some inside evidence under a banner headline. Mr Gregory, the accused Chief Constable, promptly deciding that the published material could only have come from a member of the West Riding Police Authority itself, arranged for an official enquiry to be carried out by the neighbouring Sheffield police force.

Senior Sheffield pigs acted immediately, visiting the homes of councillors sitting on the Police Authority, one of whom had the

sense to report their 'Gestapo Tactics'. This, too, was splashed across the front pages of the local press. A question was raised in parliament, and awkward points about expense and methods began popping up in the Council Chamber.

The disgust and indignation of these august councillors makes a pleasant change from their normal mumblings on 'our wonderful policemen', but it would be nice to know whether or not they suffered from roughing up, threats, intimidations and assault the way we lesser mortals sometimes do. Did they have their car/TV/dog/breathing licences checked out? And especially, why were their comments treated as front page news when ours go unnoticed at the bottom of page 23...?

S.R.

**Yorkshire:** Amidst the more senseless political backbiting which bedevils all local

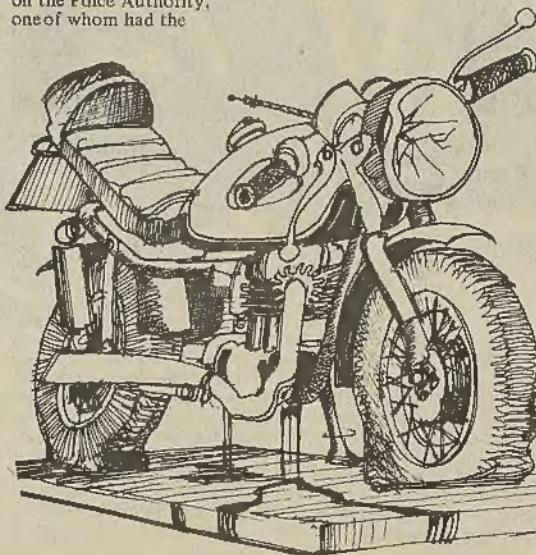
politics in the north, are one or two serious attempts by particular councils to cater for the people they supposedly represent. This has been spotlighted in the last few days during a conference held in Sheffield, which was attended by delegates from almost one hundred Labour-controlled local authorities. The subject under discussion was the Government's ill-named 'Fair Rents' Bill, which seeks to remove some of the subsidies from council house rents. Altogether, 74 of the 91 councils present voted to fight the Government by any means available: action will probably be based on a simple refusal to abide by the rules contained in the Act.

The importance of these moves lies not within the issue itself, but rather in the fact that Local Councils should either want or dare to oppose the Government. A particularly rebellious attitude seems to have percolated into the whole sphere of local politics since the Tories took office, growing from humble beginnings in the Comprehensive Education Campaign, gathering momentum during the Great Free School Milk Debate, and now finding maturity in the Fair Rents Swindle.

Let's hope they keep it rollin'!

S.R.

**London:** Conscornation hit the staid London offices of Macmillan & Sons, publishers of Mick Farren's book "Watch Out Kids" as 400 copies were withdrawn from sale this week. A brief mention of the Stephen Macartney case caused solicitors to fear a libel suit, and it looks as though each copy of the book (ten thousand have already been printed) will have to be altered by hand to remove the offending passage.



# FOREIGN NEWS

## YIPPIE HOUSE ATTACKED—3 COPS SHOT

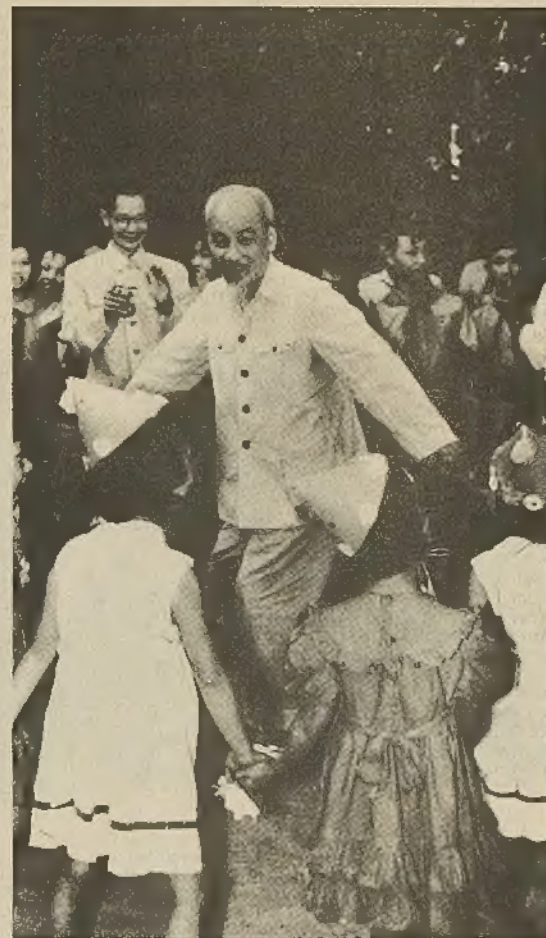
**Madison (UPS):** Madison police triggered the country's first anti-war shoot-out May 11 when they stormed a Youth International Party (YIP) house after a hard night of rioting.

The shoot-out came at 3 a.m. after police allegedly trailed two men to the house from an insurance company where police claim to have aborted a fire-bomb attempt. The house was immediately surrounded by blood-thirsty police, who shot into the house numerous times and lobbed 25 canisters of teargas inside. Three plainclothesmen were shot in the melee. Finally the five people in the house were allowed to crawl out on their hands and knees.

The five were dragged to jail and beaten mercilessly for hours. Finally, after five hours of uninterrupted beating and interrogation, one of them signed a confession when a cop held a loaded revolver to his temple and told him to confess or have his head blown away on the spot.

The frame-up victim is Ollie Steinberg, a staff member of Madison's underground 'Take Over', who obtained a degree of notoriety when he blew pot smoke in Muskie's face during the Wisconsin primary campaign. He is charged with trying to kill the three wounded cops and with conspiring to firebomb the insurance company (105 years max). Bail was set at \$55,000.

Three others—Jeff and Bruce Miller and Mark Eisenberg—were charged with conspiracy to commit arson. The Millers are still in jail under \$10,000 bail; Eisenberg has a ready posted his \$10,000 and was released.



Debbie Heintz was released for \$500 after being charged with "obstructing police officers."

Later that day, more than a thousand people marched on Madison's City-County Building, denouncing the wholesale police attacks on anti-war demonstrations which culminated in the YIP house shootings. The next day 2,000 people were turned back as they tried to protest the rabid police terror campaign.

**ARMED FARCES DAY:**

## COAST TO COAST

**New York (LNS):** Anti-war GIs ruined the American military's annual May 20 wet-dream Armed Forces Day, by staging Armed Forces Day on most of the major military bases in the US Armed Forces Day is sort of like Open House in high-school when the teachers clean up the school so your parents can come and see what you do with your time. This year super-patriots found out exactly where GIs were at:

—over 30 bases were forced to cancel traditional

ceremonies.  
—200 GIs marched 10 miles from the Covered Wagon Coffee House to Mt. Home army base in Idaho. They were supported by 300 other marchers opposing the Vietnam war.

—at the Great Lakes Naval Training Centre, 500 GIs and 2,500 supporters rallied.

—Fort Bragg, North Carolina, 150 GIs held a picnic outside of town.

—Travis Air Force base, California, 400 GIs rallied at the base gates and leafletted cars and talked to visitors about the war.

—the Fort Devons United Front held four days of action including the setting up of a counter-exhibit of anti-war materials across from the main gate. Three hundred GIs marched on to the base carrying coffins and doing guerrilla theatre. Twenty-five people were arrested and later released.

—Ft. Hood, Texas saw 200 GIs rally at the Oleo Strut GI Coffee House. Many GIs who had riot training were given three day passes to keep them away from the demonstrations.

—Ft. Dix and McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey saw 1000 GIs and supporters gather in a record rain storm.

—Ft. Ord and the Presidio in California saw an anti-war teach-in followed by a coffin being thrown over the Presidio fence. Many veterans threw away their medals, etc.

—in San Diego anti-war GIs and veterans infiltrated the official Armed Forces Day parade by calling themselves the "San Marcos Drum and Bugle Corp."

Similar demonstrations occurred at numerous other military installations despite great personal risks to active duty GIs who took the chances to participate in the anti-war acts.



## ANARCHISTS MARCH ON U.N. CONFERENCE

**Stockholm (YIP):** Approximately 500 anarchists marched on the buildings housing the United Nations Conference on the Environment last Sunday. They were turned back after battling with 2,000 Swedish riot police, dogs and horses.

The anarchists claim the conference is a smoke-screen for the continued exploitation and subjugation

may not know that you have been reading the words of "potential political assassins." At least that's the way the Secret Service sees it. According to Jack Anderson, the great Washington file leaker, LNS is being watched because it has been "highly critical of the President and Administration" (those are the Secret Service's words).

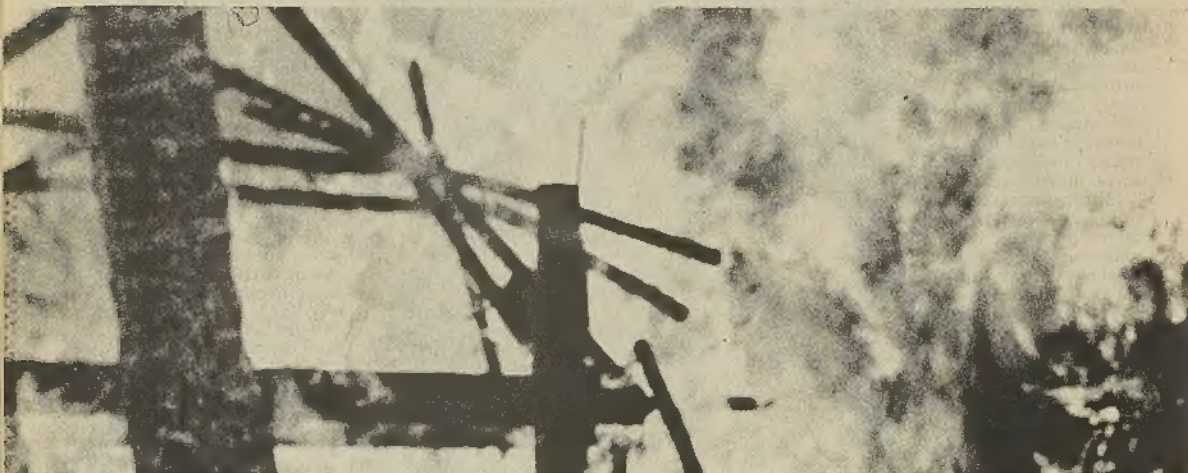
That puts LNS in good company—the SS file also includes the Chinese

## RADIO FREE SCOTLAND OFFICES RAIDED

**Glasgow (LNS):** Police raided the secret offices of Radio Free Scotland in Glasgow, recently, confiscating over £1000 worth of broadcasting equipment. The station broadcasts the viewpoint of the Scottish National Party, which is organizing opposition to English domination of the Scottish economy. George Lesley, chairman

never before been known in this part of Vietnam. A high fever, coma and then death are the symptoms which characterize most of those who are bitten. Quinine is ineffective against this disease and a new cure is being sought. According to a Soviet doctor, the "mosquito that kills" is carrying a kind of "plague."

This region infested by these mosquitoes, and pock-marked with



tion of the people of the world, especially those in the Third World. The UN Conference is completely avoiding any of the politically significant issues like arms control or the ecological effects of war in Vietnam, etc.

The anarchists are a portion of the many thousands of eco-activists that have assembled in Stockholm to hold a counter-conference to cover the issues avoided by the official conference-goers.

## SOMEBODY IS WATCHING US AND PROBABLY YOU TOO!

**New York (LNS):** Those of you who have read stories in your local underground paper with an LNS byline

Handy Laundry Alliance, the Gay Liberation Front, the NAACP, SDS, SCLC, and the Iranian Students Association. The National Alliance of Postal and Federal Employees made the grade for picketing in front of the White House (an action that will guarantee your presence on that list according to Anderson) and the Quaker Action because they are "opposed to the war and the use of nuclear weapons."

Come to think of it, your own local paper in which you're reading this article may be one of the over 400 organizations being watched by the Secret Service "to prevent political assassinations"—that is if it has been critical of Nixon & Co. or if it seems to be opposed to the war

of the Glasgow Regional Council of the SNP, said that increasing amounts of mail indicate that the station is being listened to by more and more people in the area. He said that stations are being set up in other parts of the country and that mobile broadcast sites will be used in the future because they are "more difficult to locate."

## DEADLY MOSQUITO INVADES VIETNAM COMBAT ZONE

**New York (LNS):** A "Mosquito that kills" has appeared in the region on both sides of the 17th parallel, according to reports from Hanoi.

The new mosquito called *Falciparum* has

millions of bomb craters full of stagnant water, has been invaded by rats and mice as well. In combat zones, where the air, the land and the water have become a veritable breeding ground of disease, dead bodies have become the prey of these insects and animals, while other cadavers are daily unearthed by the bombs and shells.

## OCCASIONAL NOTHINGS

**FUZZ FUDDLE:** From the wires of UPI comes this cornucopia of cop confusion: "Police battled a gang of bandits in southern Thailand Saturday. One bandit was killed. A police spokesman said the battle began when the bandit gang, disguised as policemen, challenged a

group of policemen disguised as bandits." Law and disorder?

**TRIP TIP:** "I don't intend to use precious police power against marijuana just on the basis of use and possession ... (police) are not looking into any transoms for marijuana. We don't intend to engage in any discriminatory arrest procedure against young people."—San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto.

close range in a family feud.

"Margaret gave Cornelius back his ring... in the jugular vein!"

**WHILE MOST** musicians would like to think that their music is liberating, few could match the record of a quartet of convicts in the Franco da Rocha, Brazil, City Jail. As the foursome were thumping out a samba rhythm on drinking glasses, combs and matchboxes, a compa-

collect up money for her defence!

**NIXON'S NUTS** have been nailed to the wall in Fort Lauderdale, Florida ... again. The nude, six-foot full-frontal caricature painting by artist John Boase (called *The Emperor's New Clothes*) had been removed from the Broward Art Guild's show in response to a shower of complaints.

six best-selling headache tablets and says, The American Medical Association has found remedies like these to be either irritational, not recommended or unsound." Or Eli Wallach standing next to a hospital saying "Are you suffering from excess carbon monoxide in your blood or irritation of the upper respiratory system. What are you really suffering from? Car sickness." Or Rod Sterling peeling an apple



How would you like to get the "key" to that city?

**FOR TWENTY** centuries or so, Christian couples have been conjugating to the cliché, "Till death do us part," as they exchanged rings. For just as long, people have been perverting the phrase to mean "Till I tell you to drop dead." Now a barber in Arlington, Virginia, has invented a device that will mate the message with its meaning. Charles Petrosky has been granted patent No. 3,643,371 for a wedding style ring containing a sharp pointed blade affixed to the under-side. Although primarily designed to rout rapists, Petrosky admits that the barbaric band could cause injury or death if used at

triot sawed through the cell bars. When the jailor came to find out why the group was taking so long on its break, he found that the band had blown.

In concert, of course!

**ONE OF** the 'hidden costs' of the Angela Davis trial was the several million dollars spent by the US Information Agency on a booklet designed to counter charges that she couldn't get a fair trial in America. The counter-propaganda-propaganda was distributed worldwide with special concentration on African countries in the form of a personal tour by its author, USIA Assistant General Council Francis S. Rudby.

Perversely, one of the themes played on in the book was the way Angela's friends were 'free' to

And the resignation of the show's chairwoman. In its place went a sign saying, "In this spot hung an artists personal statement which has been withdrawn by the actions of a gag-type, unenlightened minority group. (Our sincere apologies to the artist. We like his strength)." To which the chagrined chairwoman replied, "We're not a protest group. We're a group trying to raise the standards of local art." To which the guild responded by removing the sign and re-hanging the painting. At last word, the work was still hung well.

**WOULD YOU** believe Burt Lancaster doing a telly commercial in which he sits with the

to the core as he intones "We've been stripmining less than 40 years, but we've left a signature on the land that centuries won't erase." Called "counter-commercial" adverts like these are being produced by professional plug-makers to be sponsored by protest groups on regular prime-time teevee. So far, the three US networks have refused to accept the efforts for love or money. In return, the consumer's groups are launching law suits to force the masters of the mass moron machine to run the ads. If they win the commercials could be more informative than the shows.



# BUSY BEING BORN



The contents of this photo-feature, the picture on p.26/27 and the cover picture are all from SHOTS, an anthology of UG press photographs edited by David Fenton of LNS, and published in this country by Academy Editions at £1.75.

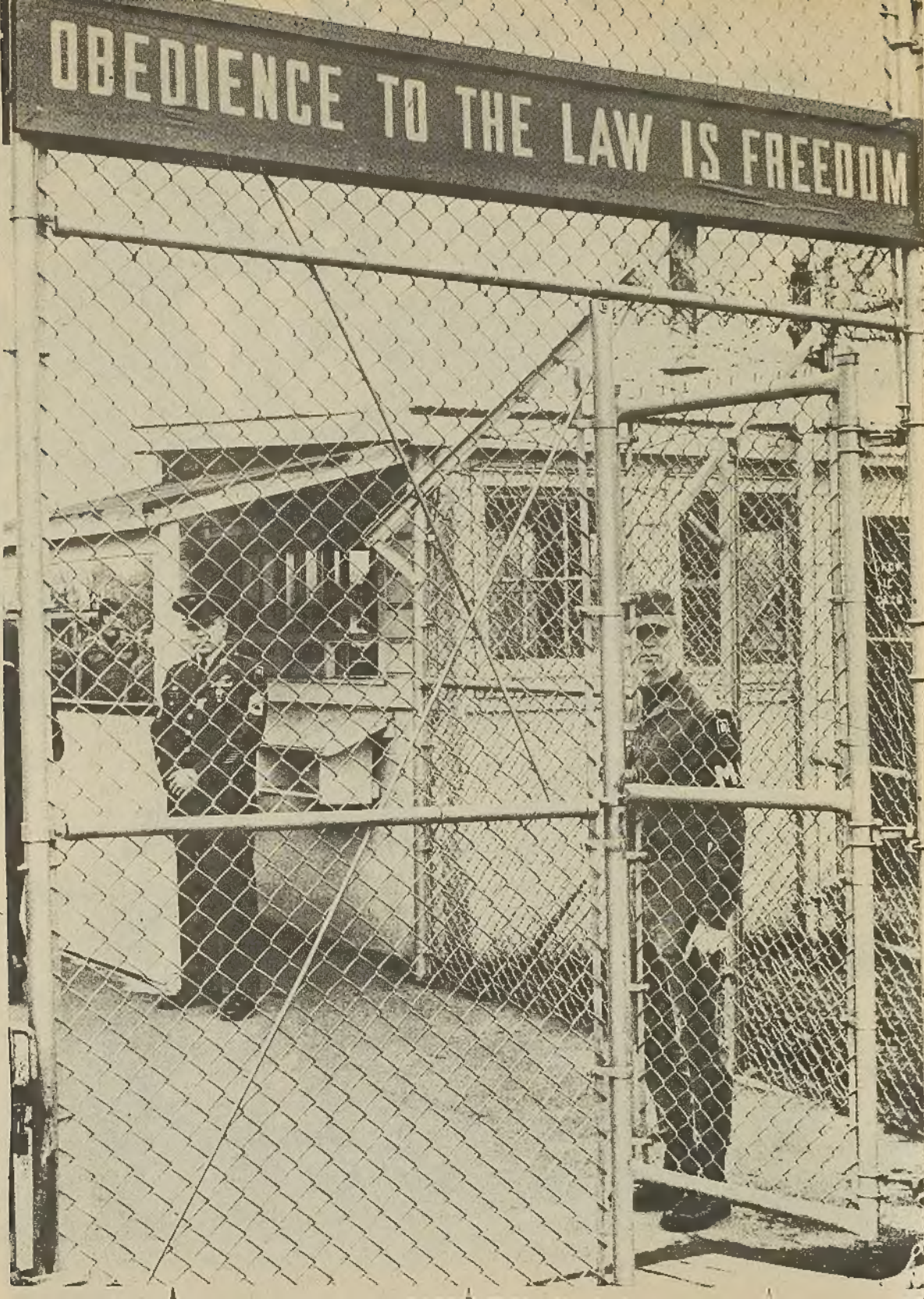
BUILDING PEOPLE'S PARK, BERKELEY, APRIL, 1969

## Shots from the U/G Press, 1969~

**If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with. No more appeasement.**  
RONALD REAGAN







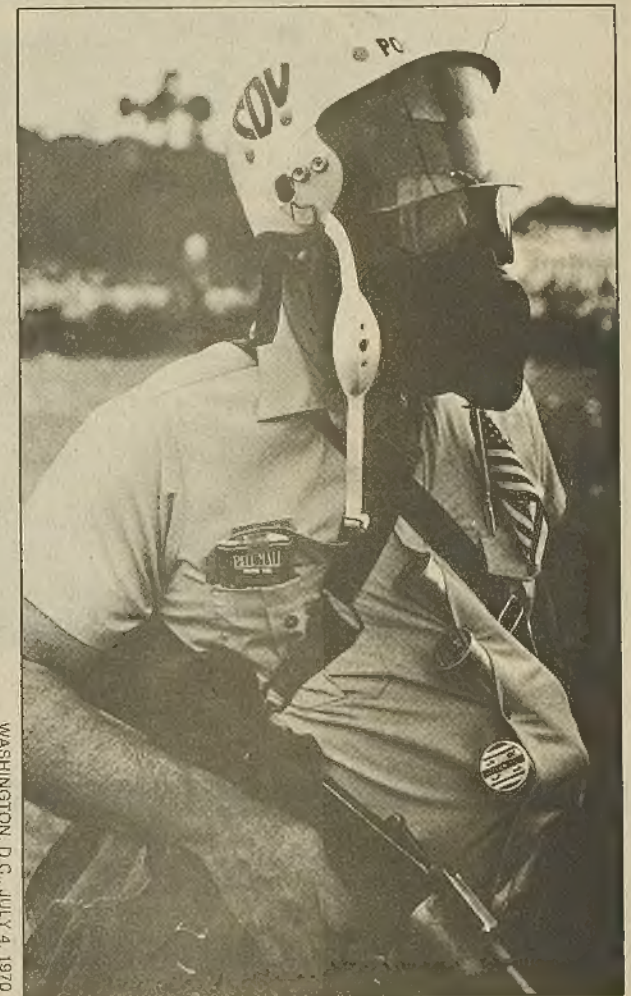
HARVARD UNIVERSITY OCCUPATION, 1969

**All your private property is  
Target for your enemy  
And your enemy is we.**

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

**There are times when order  
must be maintained because  
order must be maintained.**

GRAYSON KIRK, FORMER PRESIDENT OF  
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, 1968



WASHINGTON, D.C., JULY 4, 1970





**If there is no struggle, there is no progress. Those who profess to freedom and yet deprecate agitation are men who want crops without plowing. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its mighty waters. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did and it never will.**

FREDERICK DOUGLASS 1857





# alice cooper:

## nightgowns & poisonous COBRAS....

Myles Palmer

It could only happen in the USA. A headlining rock group puts out an album and single in July. They are the hottest thing since hula-hoops and their audience consists almost entirely of young white kids. They call it, get this, *School's Out*. Yes, **SCHOOL'S OUT**. What style, what foresight, what merchandising!!!

As Heavy Metal Music goes, the single is fine, with its skullspitting sledgehammer attack on your sensibilities, the two-note guitar solo, the kids chorus, the remorseless amphetamine full-throttle stomp behind

the demonic shout of "Schoolzout for summer."

It's loud and blatant, it lets you know it's there. Mandraxed up to the eyeballs you may be, but nobody sneeps through this song. It's not I'm Eighteen, but then how could they top that? How could anyone top that? Even Pete Townshend. Eighteen is the definitive hard-rock single of the Seventies, and Alice was just being flashy recording it in 1971. He's given the opposition nine years to come up with something better.

While we're talking about last

year, a word about Alice's British debut at the Rainbow last November. It was one of the best shows yet seen there. The glamorous drag prince from Amerika came to town and tore the place up. Perfectly structured singles rolled out from *Love It To Death*, a rocking razzamatazz in gold and silver lame, like a scene from *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*.

What have I got, sang Alice to his boa constrictor, that makes me want to love you? Is it my body? It seemed it was as the affectionate reptile invaded his flimsy leotard. Further





adventures with a straitjacket and electric chair followed, keeping the audience bewildered. The suffering was so sham it was surreal. No wonder Salvador Dalí offered one of his paintings as a future LP sleeve. All the lads are former art students, as you should know by now. WHAT? You haven't been doing your homework?

Since it was their debut nobody knew what to expect, apart from the publicity about sexual duality and fowl play. The show wasn't evil and it wasn't very feminine either. Alice wore black thighboots and tarantula eye make-up but he still looked pretty raunchy, and drummer Neal Smith sounded like Rocky Marciano.

Their lyrics are smart and nasty but the basic sentiments are nothing new. Eric Burdon was here six years ago: "we gotta get outta this place, you'll be dead before your time is due, girl there's a better life for me and you." The Animals are an obvious influence but there are plenty more. Musically, Alice Cooper are the brightest band of kleptomaniacs you'll ever hear. They've nicked a lick from everybody, Yardbirds, Who, Steppenwolf, early Velvet Underground, even Country Joe—it's all there, Sixties rock hacked up and re-cycled Detroit-

style. Their sound is World War III, the sound of 15 psychopaths having a destruction derby with 15 bulldozers.

Narcissism, danger and materialism are among their most perennial themes, and they surface strongly on Killer, their last album. Recorded in Chicago, it features eight songs written by the band for the band. Unfortunately, this album I couldn't imagine Alice Cooper jamming, but I gotta admit their playing is now ultra-proficient.

Michael Bruce offers a crackerjack chick song called Be My Lover. "Told her that I came from Detroit City, and I played guitar in a long haired rock-and-roll band, she asked me why the singer's name was Alice..." The longest and most ambitious number is Halo of Flies where a menacing funeral intro gallops into a tom-tom TV-space-series soundtrack. It seems that Alice is off to Monte Carlo. "Daggers and contracts and bright shiny limos, I got a watch that turns into a lifeboat, glimmering nightgowns and poisonous cobras." A trifle obscure and long-winded, with Moog, bass solos and a neanderthal drum bash, but like all their well-built material, it enjoys a certain momentum.

"You're as dead as a desert night" howls Alice on Desperado, "You're a

notch and I'm a legend." Paranoia rears its ugly head amid the dive-bomber guitar stylings of You Drive Me Nervous, and there is grim story about little Betty who eats a pound of aspirin. Dead babies can't take things off the shelf. This is music to watch the News at Ten by, a half-hour horror show with a slice or two of comic relief. What is life, anyway, but a bitter comedy of survival?

Sometimes I have my doubts. I wonder if they really wanna make friends with a lot of people in the danger zone. How about an album live from Alcatraz? Death Row? Attica State? Or maybe they should go to Vietnam instead of Bob Hope. Not to scare the Vietcong, just to show the GIs things are a bit wild back home.

Alice says all their theatrics and gimmicks are choreographed, but not so much that it precludes improvisation. Some of the mistakes come out beautifully, he says. Let's hope so. At press time I'm looking forward to their show at the Empire Pool. It should suit them since they play all the huge halls in the States, colossal basketball stadiums and roller rinks, selling out wherever they go. At their last London production I suspended judgement and became a fan. As music it's not half bad, as showbiz it's riveting and as trash it is absolutely incomparable.





## TEEN SPECIAL: INTERVIEW WITH MAKE-OUT MAN TONY REDUNZO



IT's own teen reporter cut class one day and went to Nathan Hale High School for this special interview with a make-out artist. We asked around the halls and in the caf during fifth lunch, "Who's the biggest make-out man in school?" Everybody, but everybody, said the same thing: TONY Redunzo "Fast Tony", "The Mover", "Operator Plus", a junior transfer from Waldon Vocational, the school that burned down last month.

IT Tony, how do you become a make-out artist?

TONY Practice makin' out a lot.

IT How do you do that?

TONY With a chick.

IT What if you can't get one to practice with?

TONY Tough.

IT Lh... everybody says you can make out with anybody.

TONY Yeah. I just got a way with chicks. Ever since I was a kid.

IT How do you do it?

TONY Well, now it's easy. If a chick goes with me, I know she's a make-out on account of my rep. She must want what Tony's after, see, or she wouldn't date me. But if you're a guy just startin' out, you gotta use the techniques.

IT That's what we want to know, Tony, the techniques.

TONY Like I said, it comes natural to me. But no matter what, you always gotta be sincere with a chick. Even if you gotta phony it up. Always dress sharp and be snazzy. Keep your sueded brushed, keep your cool and know the words to all the latest tunes. That's the basics. Then you go shoppin' for a chick to talk with.

IT What's the first thing you do when you spot a doll?

TONY Get 'er lookin' at me. Usually I walk over near where she's standin' and crash into her accidental.

IT Accidental on purpose.

TONY You got the idea. Now I look 'er over. Give 'er the Redunzo up-and-down. Sometimes a stack-up cluck'll make a face or stick her tongue out at you, but that's okay 'cause that

means she's lookin'. That's when I turn it on and just stand there real cool and undress 'er with my eyes.

IT Wow! Undress her?

TONY Just down to the brassiere. You don't wanna scare her off. Now she's all set for me to make the big move.

IT You ask her for a date?

TONY I start combin' my hair. Right in front of her. With this.

IT Hey, that's a neat comb.

TONY Yeh. It's a custom job. I made it in shop. Now she knows I mean business, so I don't waste any time. I wanna see right away if she's a make-out or not. So I ask her the big question, point blank.

IT No kidding? The big question?

TONY Yeh. How late can you stay out? See, if they're allowed out after nine o'clock without permission on a school night, you know her folks have given up on tryin' to control her. A doll like that does what she wants and she's prob'ly a hot ticket. It ain't failed yet. I even know some chicks can stay out late as ten, ten fifteen without special permission.

IT What're they like?

TONY You figure it out.

IT Wow!

TONY You said it. Ready, willing and able. Best of all, though, are the dolls who don't have to be in until eleven.

IT What about them?

TONY I dunno. I gotta be home by ten thirty myself, but it figures they gotta be something wild.

IT How else can you tell if a chick'll make out?

TONY Sometimes I use the straw technique.

IT What's that?

TONY Let's say you're at the soda fountain after a date and it's your treat. In a case like that, I usually go all out and order a cherry Coke. There's something about a cherry Coke makes a doll think she's been treated special. When it comes, only put one straw in it. Get the picture? Now you take a swig and push the glass over to her. If she drinks from the straw, chances are she's a make-out, 'cause she don't mind getting her mouth where your mouth was.

IT I didn't know that.

TONY Live and learn. But, it don't

count if she wipes the top of the straw with her fingers first.

IT If I tried that, my chick would probably say, "Hey, where's my straw?"

TONY Could be she's worried about germs. A lotta chicks are takin' hygiene class. Hi Gene.

IT Lookin' keen.

TONY What's the scene?

IT In between.

TONY What?

IT Between your legs.

IT After you start making out, how far can you go?

TONY Depends on if they're hot-natured and how much some chicks are heavy make-outs. Just touch 'er and they're all over you. But most chicks you gotta be patient. Along the way, in their ear gets noisier and excited. Then when they start tang passion ate, start copin' with it. A lot of times I see 'em excited like that and realize what's happenin' and they always have a comeback. You use they say "keep your hands to your self," "Private property. No fishin' allowed" or something like that. Just act surprised and say "Gee, I didn't even realize what I was doin' or it just happened," just say it sincere.

IT What if she don't say anything about feelin' her up?

TONY Then you know you can get some more. Go for a grab under the sweater. Sneak your hand under and work up slow. Then let a finger slip inside the brassiere. When it's in there, go for the nipple. It's the little point at the end of the tit. It's at really get's 'em boiling.

IT How far do you usually go with a chick?

TONY Oh, I figure to get dry humps about half the time. You gotta have space, though, like a sofa or on the beach. You can't dry hump good in the car. Unless you're a midget. Usually a chick'll let me give her some dry fingering instead.

IT How's that feel?

TONY Real!

IT Sex appeal.

TONY Good deal. Sometimes though, you get chicks'll say "Just for example, 'Gee, Tony, I'd love to make out with you, but I'm afraid of what'll happen. You're so wonderful! I would trust myself once we got started'."



## TEEN SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH MAKE-OUT MAN TONY REDUNZO



**IT** You actually had girls say that to you?

**TONY** I said just for example, didn't I? All you gotta do is put on an innocent face an' say, "Gee, don't worry about that, I can't mess around for real I'm plannin' to go to college." Talkin' college relaxes 'em, lets 'em think you won't do nothin' dumb to ruin your life. Then, while you're talkin' about how you're gonna major in shop or mechanics, you start in on her. You're on your way.

**IT** Where's the best place to make out?

**TONY** Nothin' like a nice, soft sofa, but you gotta get inside the chick's house for that.

**IT** How do you do that?

**TONY** When I take 'em to the door, I say something off the subject, like, "Can I use your bathroom?"

**IT** Terrific

**TONY** Now, she won't just say no. She'll tell you that gon' upstairs might wake up her folks or something. Some guys lose their cool right there and they give up. Just start hoppin' up an' down a little and say you gotta go real bad. If you're outside, sort of look at her old lady's roses like they'd be okay in a pinch. If she still says no, ask her can you come in for a glass of water on account of you're thirsty. You gotta have that comeback ready. Boom. You're inside.

**IT** What next?

**TONY** Drink the water, but slow. Then, on the way out, you say with a surprise that you got a couch or a sofa at home just like hers, "Lemme see if it feels the same," you can say, and then you go try it out. Once you get on that sofa, you're hard to move.

**IT** What if her old man shows up?

**TONY** I got a special one for that. See, I can make myself throw up, just like that. So, if one of the fossils makes the scene, I just blow a little lunch, and everything's cool. You know, I felt a little sick, so she was gettin' me some aspirin. See, what you do is kind of half gargle, half cough, like this. Oh, sorry.

**IT** Yeah, I see what you mean.

**TONY** Never fails.

**IT** That's neat.

**TONY** Smelly feet.

**IT** What's a treat?

**TONY** Beatin' your meal

**IT** Tony, how do you start foolin' around? You know, what's the first thing you do to make out?

**TONY** Now, if I'm inna car, I got it made in the shade anyway, 'cause I've put all kinds of lumpy stuff, pieces of junk and nuts an' bolts an' my kid brother's old sled in there under the upholstery, so if she don't wanna bust her bums, she's gotta sit in Tony boy's lap. Of course, you gotta look out, 'cause sometimes they'll bring

along a phone book or a big textbook or somethin' like that and kind of sap it in between. You know? Their mothers tell 'em to do that.

**IT** What do you do then?

**TONY** Depends. If it's a phone book, I'll say "Excuse me, I gotta look up a number," or if it's like a history book, maybe I'll go, "Hey, I been wondering, just when was the Louisiana Purchase?"

**IT** Sharp!

**TONY** Another good starter is this *National Geographic* I stole from a dentist. There's a section about tribes without clothes in it, an' you can see the pictures. I keep it on the back seat or in the glove compartment. Sometimes I let it slip outta my book bag. That's always good.

**IT** Hey, can I see this?

**TONY** Just don't take it outta the car.

**IT** I won't. What other ways is there?

**TONY** Over here on the dash I painted "Class of '69" in nail polish.

**IT** Class of 'Oh, yeah I get it

**TONY** Right. She's bound to ask about it. If she don't, you bring it up casual. Say, "Hey, look at what my dumb buddy did for a joke and I can't get it off." Boom. You're on the subject. You got her thinkin' about it.

**IT** What page does it have about the tribes?

**TONY** Inna middle someplace. Another way, just say something French like "we-we" or "Fi-fi" an' take it from there. Anything French is automatically talkin' about the subject.

**IT** Hey, look, you can see tits an' everything

**TONY** I told ya

**IT** There's something gunky stuck on

the page here

**TONY** If you're out after a prom or something, you got a great way to get on the subject just by talkin' about the wrist corsage you got her. Talk about the bees goin' in the flowers an' what they do and stuff like that.

**IT** Look, what is this stuff anyway?

**Oh, gross!**

**TONY** The more you don't try anything with her, she gets more upset that she's resistible. Sooner or later she's all over you, tryin' to get you hot. I got a hand-job that way once.

**IT** That's genius.

**TONY** Bet your ass.

**IT** Lotta class.

**TONY** Inna grass.

**IT** Tony, what's the biggest problem in making out?

**TONY** There's two. One is gettin' from the front seat of the car to the back seat without a chick suspectin' anything. Pretend you dropped something important back there like your comb and you gotta go look for it. She'll usually help you out and there you are.

**IT** What's the other problem?

**TONY** A chick wearin' a one-piece dress up to the neck. I'm talkin' if you wanna try for some grabs. It's almost impossible, so you gotta get in there through the sleeves. It's rough, but if you can get past the dress shoe,Js, you're luttin' on all eight cylinders.

**IT** Who makes out the best?

**TONY** Blondes an' nurses. My best make outs was blondes. Nurses really know the score too.

**IT** You made out with a nurse?

**TONY** Naw, most of 'em are older 'n me. But I heard. They know all about protecting themselves, so they do it more.

**IT** How can you tell if a doll'll go all the way?

**TONY** Lotsa ways. If a chick sits with her legs apart, or chews gum and wears make-up, you just know. If they got big tits they'll do it, too. Your best bet, though, is a chick with skin trouble. They're always doin' it 'cause that's the only way they can get guys. Same goes for real uglies, too. You can get anything from an ugly chick. Only thing is, people see you with her and they know you're after one thing. Then you got your ordinary pig or

beast. Really foul, but they'll fuck a duck.

**IT** Lots of luck. Did you ever go all the way?

**TONY** Are you kiddin'?

**IT** Gee

**TONY** One time I was makin' deliveries onna after-school job and this marned chick

**IT** Married?

**TONY** You heard me. She was marned an' her husband was out of town someplace. Well, she gave me a tip and while she was doin' that, she gave me a French handshake. Right then I knew.

**IT** What's a French handshake?

**TONY** Come on. You know.

**IT** No.

**TONY** You're shakin' hands, right? And one of you tickles the palm with the middle finger. It's a signal the Frenchies use when they got the hots. They go around givin' French handshakes till somebody says yes. You do it like this.

**IT** Ohhhh. We call it "Tickle your Fancy."

**TONY** Well, it's a French handshake.

**IT** What about the married chick?

**TONY** Turns out she's a real sex fiend, see. One of those lymphomaniacs. They gotta make out almost every day. Somethings wrong with their nerves makes 'em that way. She was somethin', boy. Really somethin'.

**IT** Did you go all the way?

**TONY** She had her clothes off an' everything. I could see her hair.

**IT** Down there

**TONY** You said it. She had grown-up tits an' all.

**IT** What happened?

**TONY** I must of been there for three hours. Fantastic.

**IT** Did you do it? What happened?

**TONY** Ahhh, she was havin' her period.

**IT** Oh.

**TONY** But we was gonna. It's just that it was the twenty-eighth of the month.

**IT** Tough.

**TONY** Yeh. Should of known. All chicks get it on the twenty-eighth of every month like clockwork. I might as well of stayed home and pounded the peter.

**IT** Nothin' neater.

**TONY** Nothin' sweeter.









**HOWARD HUGHES:  
"WHEN ELECTED,  
MY FIRST ACT  
WILL BE TO  
CURE  
CANCER."**

By Craig Karpel

The other night I received one of the more bizarre telephone calls of my journalistic career. It was from an entity who identified himself to me only as a friend of the Billy Zig Zag. To understand who the Billy Zig Zag is, I refer you to an article by me named "Das Hip Kapital" in the March, 1971 number of Creem where-in the following passage made its debut.

"In the Marin Driveway, a silver Porsche. Through the glass doors of the living room, a floodlit pool among the eucalyptus trees. Two women and a man, swimming naked. The man climbs out, shakes himself, puts on a kimono and walks dripping into the living room. A kid walks in with an armload of wood, and begins to make a fire in an enormous free-standing copper hearth. Panama Red sits down cross-legged on an Isfahan carpet near the fire. He is a muscular freak in his mid twenties, clean-shaven, auburn hair to mid-back. The kid comes back with an open bottle of Chateau Margaux '61. He walks over and puts on a record \$5000 worth of gleaming McIntosh Ampex and Altec sound-presence and brilliance. It is Dave Mason's "Only You Know and I Know."

"There are five Panama Reds in the Bay Area," says Panama Red with presence and brilliance.

Which one are you?

A long draught of Margaux. Why sip it? There's plenty more. "The Panama Red."

Only you know and I know . . .

"Dig it if the Man picks up a runner for a dealer who has scored off my runner and they threaten to put him away for good unless he tells the name of his connection, say he cracks and says, 'His name is supposed to be Panama Red.' And they say, 'Which Panama Red? There are five of those bastards.' so he says, 'I don't know fellas, the Panama Red, I guess.' So the Man is right back where he started from."

In this article, for reasons of confidence I gave Billy Zig Zag the nom-de-CREEM of Panama Red, because he/they was/were the biggest distributors of smoke in the history of Western Civilization CH101X and I wasn't about to be the first person to utter his/their name in public. Since that time, however, a lot of forensic avoirdupois has come down in the Greater Baghdad-by-the-Bay Metro area (e.g., the Rohan fandango the Metzger overvamp, the rout of the Trident lounge lizards, etcetera, ad infinitum) and suffice it to say that I am allowed to utter the phrase, "the Billy Zig Zag" without fear that instant-karma-gonna-get-me.

So as I was saying before I interrupted myself, I was sitting in my mountain eyrie before a crackling fire, mutabing fruit flies when the phone rang and it was quote a friend of the Billy Zig Zag unquote and he spake to me, saying

"Billy Zig Zag says hello to you Jim the Penman."

Same to him, I said. Who am I speaking to?

"The person on the other end of the line from you."

"I mean what's your name."

"Don't got one."

"You don't got one?"

"It's like, when you meet a movement person and you say, hey man, and they say, uh, Bob or Tom or something, but they don't tell you their last name 'cause it's too fuckin' bourgeois to have a last name, okay? Well, we were into this thing of like, there was this dude who was lending people money in New York and you knew him only as The Snake. Better get the money out of the mattress, mother, one of The Snake's boys gonna be here, seven peyem. All of a sudden, he's busted and they got his picture in the paper, and it says, Carmine 'The Snake' Persico. Holy shit, all these people are sayin' so that's who The Snake is! Carmine Persico! Far out, let's go down to the D.A. and pitch a bitch, Carmine Persico! Far out!"

"Well, we been havin' this same sort of trouble with pseudonyms here, man. They pop you and you take the rap for everything your fuckin' pseudonym's done! So while it may be too fuckin' bourgeois to have a last name, it's too fuckin' mortal to have a first name. So, a lot of us are just ditchin' the whole name concept as counter-productive. Only thing your name's good for

is so people can find you and so you can be famous and make a lot of money. Well, anybody want to find me either better fuckin' know me, in which case he knows where I live at, or don't know me, in which case he's a condensed pig fart and better've had extreme unction before he rounds the turn of the driveway of my picturesque hippie commune. There are two former human beings who persist only as notches in my fuckin' Armalite. And as far as makin' money, that depends on my not being famous, okay? I don't need a name, man maybe you need one, but I don't."

Isn't it confusing trying to deal with other people who don't have names?

"No it's like when you call up the phone company about your bill, the lady always tells you her name but you don't really care, do you? People I deal with don't really care, 'cause the dope trade is like the phone company, it's not who in particular you're talkin' to makes the difference, it's whether you're plugged in at the right place in the network. Like, cats used to say, 'My connection, dum-de-dum-de-dum.'"

Well, what's happenin'?

"Yeah, well, I'm glad you finally asked me that man, 'cause the reason I'm calling you right now is bye now."

Click. And I'm left sitting there holding a dead phone. Boy, journalism sure is big fun.

About ten minutes later the phone rings again: a familiar voice.

"Sorry about that, I'm at this rather plush restaurant usin' a public phone and there were some people waitin' to use the phone so I let 'em, 'cause I discovered when I was impatient to use a public phone I found myself studying the features of the dude keepin' me waiting. I don't want nobody studying my features. Anyway."

Well at least you're not paranoid.

"Yeah, well, funny thing, I am paranoid, that's why I called you, I figured if I told you about a scene some sorta scary people ran off us last week and you published it, me and some of my friends would feel a little safer—I mean, if they wanted to ice us for talking about it, they'd have to ice you, too."

Gee, thanks!

"You're welcome. So the faster you get this story out, the safer we'll all be."

"I won't burden you with all the boring details, but let's say word got around that a lot of us were getting together at this ranch in Boulder Creek. Personally, I didn't want to go, 'cause I'm kind of antisocial anyway and the idea of the entire embroidered-afghan-money-belt set of the Bay Area partying together begins to sound a little too much like a set-up for a youth-market re-make of the Apalachin Barbecue. But I went, 'cause I heard this particular dude was gonna be there, legendary dude named . . ."

"He's got a name?"

"Got to have a name to be legendary, smartass. But it's like, not the name he called himself, it's the name other people called him. Besides, if you stop buttin' in, I'll tell you what he's called and then you tell me if you think that's the name he called himself. Okay?"

Okay.

"The World."

What?

"The World."

What about the world?





HOWARD HUGHES:  
"WHEN ELECTED,  
MY FIRST ACT  
WILL BE TO  
CURE  
CANCER"

"What about him? That's his fuckin' name man, 'The World.'"

You mean, like 'The Snake'?

Now you're cookin'!

You mean people actually call him 'The World' to his face?

"You think people called Carmine Persico 'The Snake' to his face?"

Okay I see what you mean. Anyway

"Anyway this legendary dude known as 'The World', the reason they call him that is in Viet Nam, they call America, 'the world', like they say 'man I can't wait to get back to the world'. Well, this cat is supposed to have been the biggest smack pusher in Southeast Asia. I'm not talking about the smuggling trade as it relates to Laotian smack being imported to the U.S. I'm talking about a country military smack freaks and their sources of supply within Laos, Viet Nam, Cambodia and Thailand. Apparently 'The World' is supposed to have gotten really fucked up by a land mine, and they had to keep him so doped up on Morphine that when he got out of the hospital in Hawaii he had a habit and next thing you know he's shooting smack and next thing you know he turns up in Bangkok running the biggest smack wholesale-retail operation there ever was."

You mean he was still in the Army?

"Never was in the Army. The Marines, but he was mustered out, man. That mine really mangled him. Well, Bangkok is where all the hustlers and whatever that are parasiting the war in Viet Nam hang out, right? And this cat manages to put a lock on all the smack seams by buying in on a ring of sergeants who are raking off the PX's and enlisted men's clubs and using their people as couriers and coming in under their umbrella for protection."

But wasn't Marshall Ky

"No, that was strictly international scams. I'm talking about shall we say the domestic French se. Anyway 'The World' was in on the ground floor of smack as far as the U.S. Armed forces in Southeast Asia were concerned. He was there when morale really broke in '68 and he stepped in with his freeze-dried albino monkey shit and really made a pseudonym for himself, the fucker. I mean, I don't relate to smack. Heavy Karma, snort rot, double-tracking, feh, man. Smack pushers kiss my ass. But this brother, this one's something else. A horse if I may of a different colour. I mean, any man who more or less turns the American genocide squad into a bunch of nodding, scratching, hepatic comboids can't be all bad."

"They called him 'The World' cause when they got there, they thought what they wanted most was to go back stateside but after running into the sergeants hangin' around the schoolyard and sayin' 'what the hell-one-gonna-turn-me into-a-fuckin' DRUG ADDICT, well it begins to seem to a lot of these pathetic wretches that they'd trade 'the world' for a hit of heroin. 'The U.S. ain't the world' man. That dude there's 'The World'. He controls everything."

"For example, toward the end, 'The World' is supposed to have begun throwing his weight around a little too much to suit the people who were supplying him. Now's where you come to your intercontinental scam-mongers, the Kuomintang, the CIA, etcetera, et cetera etcetera. 'The World' began to see that by putting the squeeze on the flow of smack to our boys he could determine how effective they'd be as a fighting force during any particular period of time. So he started auctioning off the U.S. troops morale to the highest bidder. 'The N L F and North Viets and fuck you' but he had 'the fuckin' CIA and

the Army bidding against each other. His attitude was 'All I want is an income of \$1,000,000 a week in Swiss franc deposits, frankly, I don't give two mouse turds whether I get it by putting the squeeze on my level or jacking up prices in the field or by shaking hands with Green Beret colonels.' He was pretty bitter, there were rumours that he was much fun to look at and had to piss and shit into a baggie."

Did you get to meet him in Boulder Creek?

"Yeah, well, no, I didn't. You see, the word was 'The World' had been elbowed out of the Bangkok smack picture by some pretty nasty people and that we was nosing around the West Coast seeing whether he could go legit so to speak—become an acid distributor. But when I got down to Boulder Creek, there was about thirty people there of whom I'd say I didn't recognize a third but none of that third looked like he'd been creamed by a land mine."

Weren't you introduced to each other?

"No, what point would there have been in that? We either knew each other or didn't and if you were there it was assumed you were on the up and up, cause you were invited by a brother and besides, like I'm trying to convey to you, if he were there and you were introduced to him he would n't say 'Hi, my name's Randy but my friends call me 'The World'. Besides, nobody there gave off vibes that heavy. I'd say the heaviest vibes on the premises were on the order of, '\$100,000 a week and I don't have to know the name of the name of the name of the person who signed for the railroad carload of shit goin' East, and vice versa. Pardon me but I gotta split 'cause one of my horses is running in Florida tomorrow and I gotta get to the airport. 'Heavy but not heavy, if you can dig it."

So what happened at this meeting?

'Party'

What happened at this party?

"Nothing. We're just sitting around getting ripped and listening to records, until finally one of the dudes I don't know says, 'Come on outside, I got a new toy I want to show you.' And I'm thinking, what does this whole fucking overworld have to be there so this motherfucker can show off his newtoy?"

"Well, we go out and walk across this bridge that crosses a stream, then a path that leads to a ridge and we walk along the ridge, stumbling around stoned in the moonlight mind you until we come to a clearing and lo and behold, there in the middle of it is the brother's newtoy. And I say to myself, shit, I must really be stoned, because if I'm not, and that's really a fucking flying saucer. I'm going to have to bring my head in for a time up."

A flying saucer?

"Well, it sure looked like a flying saucer. I'll tell you, you know, funny noises, and portholes and shiny metal, what would you think it was?"

A flying saucer

"Well, all right! But our eyes get adjusted to the light and it's not a saucer at all but a helicopter, a Cheyenne type motor, real big with no markings. So I say to the brother, well, it looks like you've really scored. What did you do, carry it off an aircraft carrier under your coat? And he says, 'No, it doesn't belong to me, it belongs to some friends of mine, and we're going for a ride.'"

"You can imagine how some of us felt. Like on the one hand, what is this shit? But on the other, if you were offered a night ride in a super-huge helicopter to you knew not where, how could you refuse?"

Didn't you think it might be some sort of a setup for a bust?

"A bust for what, man? Except for the dope we were smokin', we were clean, and the man doesn't need a helicopter in a hidden landing zone in the Santa Cruz mountains just to bust a bunch of dope dealers. No, it was apparent to everybody that this was something exceptional. I mean, there are cars with helicopters but strictly up to and including the Bell Jet Ranger level. I mean this toy had two fucking rotors, man. This was not a refugee from the rush hour traffic report. This was a regular flying boxcar."

'So we climb aboard and there's a crew walking around with capboards and they're not paying any attention to us at all, just going about their business."

What'd they look like?

"Looked like bank tellers and office copier salesmen. I don't know. Well, we strap in and a few minutes later we're up in the air a few thousand feet and I'm saying to myself, I hope I'm very stoned and that this whole thing isn't a ploy to give some body time to rip off the stereo from my Jensen. I mean, one hubcap alone."

Where did you go?

"Well, don't hold me to it 'cause it's pretty hard to figure out where you're going in the dark, and we were sorta ripped but we ended at what I'm pretty sure was an airstrip at Lockheed Sunnyvale. I'm not exactly sure."

Then what happened?

"Then we get out and there's a plane on the runway, like a small airliner, a business type, et. At that point some of the guys start saying this is where I check out. I ain't got on any magical mystery tours, besides I got people to see. Well that seems to be cool and those people get back on the Cheyenne and the Cheyenne takes off and disappears in the direction we came. Now there's about 25 of us and we get on the plane. By now I'm getting curious what is this, some kind of practical joke by Hugh Hefner? Only there's no bunny on the side of the plane, no nothin'. Midway through the flight, they bring around food, not airline food, take-out Chinese food, in soggy cardboard containers, but still warm, right?"

"We land at a regular airport, flashing blue lights, the whole bit but only none of us has the slightest idea where we are. All we know is we must be a good 1000 miles from Frisco 'cause we been in the air three hours and change. And we're in mountains. We taxi over to where six other planes similar to ours are parked."

"We get out and are met by he looks like an insurance management trainee. Okay? And he says, 'Good morning, please follow me and if any of you need anything just ask. So we follow him and he leads us out of the airport area and then a fifteen minute walk into a sort of I'd describe it as college campus area. At no point do we see another soul, besides the insurance man. Finally, we arrive at this two-story building sort of looks like an annex to a suburban high school, all the lights off, only he takes us down an outside stairwell to a basement door and through a corridor to a

set of double doors on the other side of which is what looks like a small college lecture hall that's half filled with freaks, about 60 to 75 people. And all of a sudden it's like freshman week at Fungo Tech, ha, where are you guys from? Philadelphia? Lawrence, Vermont? Laguna, Jamaica? Cuzcan? Michoacan? Zacatecas? Tucson? Shit I'm saying to myself, where am I at the fucking convention of the fucking International Cannabis Sativa Association?"

"When all of a sudden, I swear this is just like there's going to be a University Lecture number with F.R. Leavis or somebody in from stage left. He had a dozen older people and one young freak on. Instead of going up on the lecture stage the insurance man sets up folding steel chairs in front of the rostrum and they sit down there. And that's where I notice that the freak he can't sit down alone. Two of the men have to help him sit down. Funny, he walks perfect y normally but getting him into the seat must have taken nearly a minute and he was biting his lip the whole time."

The World

"Yeah, I'll get to that. Something funny about his face too. He's wearing very dark glasses and you couldn't see his eyes at all. Underneath, it looks like one half his face is made of like a different material from the other. Sort of the same texture as silly putty after it's been sitting for a while. Not a bad colour but the consistency's sorta yucky. Next to him are these two guys in go-f type knit shirts and they just pay total attention to the freak. For example, every once in a while the one on the right holds up a handkerchief to the freak's mouth and the freak clears his throat with a gagging sound and spits into the hanky. Or the guy on the left gets up from his chair and steps behind the freak's chair and reaches down and starts massaging the freak's neck from back to front—real, professional, masseur moves."

What did the freak look like?

"Sort of medium biker length hair, clean white shirt and black chinos. Looked like he was trying to make a court date. But let me tell you about the guy directly to the left of 'The World's masseur. He's sort of beefy, reddish wavy hair, and is wearing a tur. neck sweater in sort of a shiny synthetic tan and Daks type slacks, you know, with a waistband? And I'm looking at this guy for a full minute before it registers and I get goose bumps on the soles of my feet, man. Reminded me of the time I was tripping and I met the Exterminating Angel, and he said the only way you can avoid death is to be Death. Here I was afraid of falling into that hole and there He was telling me the only way I could keep from falling into the hole was to be the hole. So for a second I felt relieved that I say to myself, Christ, if it's bad to fall into the unknown, it's gotta be worse to be the unknown and I really freaked and got goose bumps on the soles of my fucking feet, man. Until I realised that I was the unknown already, and death would simply mean accepting what I was."

So who was sitting in that folding chair, the Exterminating Angel?

"No, man. Henry Kissinger was sitting in that chair."

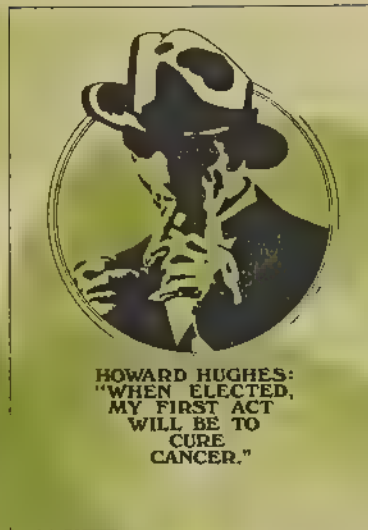
The Exterminating Angel

"Whatever, man. I swear sitting right there in his Daks slacks, as big as life."

Are you sure?

"Well, at no point did he ever say 'Hi gang, I'm Henz. But it looked like every photo





HOWARD HUGHES:  
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graph I've ever seen of Kissinger, except his hair was a little longer and he had a really dark suntan. It was Kissinger, take my word for it."

What did he say?

"He didn't say a word the whole time. The one who spoke was the freak."

"The World"

"You got it"

What about the other three men?

"One took notes on a steno pad. The other kept scanning our eyes like they were looking for a false move or something. They struck me as security types."

Were any of you armed?

"I wasn't. I'm sure a lot of us were, though."

"Anyway, after a while 'The World' starts to talk."

Does he say anything to indicate who he is?

"No, man, the minute we see him, we know who he is. He says."

What did his voice sound like?

"It sounded funny, you should ask that. It sounded like as if Midson Control had become a junkie been through hell, fucked and was now the head of all the Synanon programmes on Earth. He had this enormous vibrational intensity you wanted to stay out of the way of, like a cobra ray or something. A couple of the Laguna people said he reminded them a little of Manson. He reminded me of if Bill Graham operated out of the bod of a 24 year old Texarkana ex-junkie. His voice, was, if you can imagine anything like this, military hip. I don't mean be-bop-a-doo, and all that jazz or eyes left or any of that shit. I mean like a kid who was at the same time superaware and superprecise. Implacable dude. How many southern kids that you've met could you describe as implacable. It was like he seemed capable of torture because he was hip to pain. Like I told you in the first place—sort of scary."

"Well he launches into this thing of, 'You must be all the righteous dealers I been hearing so much about.' And then he goes into sort of this Whole Earth Catalog howdy-stranger tone of voice. 'Ah been burned, man, but ah never burned no one. And all of a sudden his voice goes hard as a carbide bit and he leans forward in his seat and says, 'Wal, in Nam when I hear that scud, I have that motherfucker rubbed the fuck out! I don't want no one around me who thinks he's Timothy fuckin' Leary, the acid fuckin' Pope. Every deal is a burn, dig it? Unless I fuckin' hand the shit over to you at my cost plus enough for me and mine to survive off, I burned you. And I don't know about you righteous dealers but I can't afford to survive. So I'm gonna do you a favour and stay outta your business affairs.'"

"Well needless to say this trade isn't what we come a thousand miles to the middle of nowhere for, and in the back of the room one dude is saying under his breath, 'Who the hell is he, King Shit?' and 'The World' catches this and mimics him, miming his words, 'Who the hell does he think he is, King Shit?' Well that's exactly who I am, gentlemen. His Majesty King Shit, live and in person. King Shit and anyone who can't relate to that can leave right now, no hard feelings. Just don't never again try to move an ounce of contraband in or out of this country to you or anyone you know. I've said this before to people and they went through the whole who does he think he is routine and they found out."

"Then there was five minutes of absolute silence. I clocked it. Man, try clocking five minutes of absolute silence sometime."

Whew. King Shit indeed!

"Then he says, 'When I arrived on the Indochina hard drug set it was just as mealy-mouthed and spineless as this cancer you've created here. It was a cancer because it was growing and growing without any sense of its constructive and reconstructive power. It had created what amounted to a secret society within the army of the most powerful nation in the world and instead of using the power of that secret society to master that nation through its army, it simply metastasized and plugged and clogged and coughed and choked the army to death. A cancer that could have organized itself into a vehicle for superhuman consciousness contenting itself to be nothing but a squishy tumour. A cancer is simply an aggregation of growth that is incapable of seeing itself as an organism. It is a parasite, not an organism. An organism is a cancer with an axe to grind, a cancer with an angle, a cancer with a chip on its shoulder, a cancer with a beef, a cancer with enough sense to differentiate so as to be capable of meeting and greeting the public."

"I purged the smack trade among our troops of its cancerous quality. I made it conscious of itself as a secret society that was capable of controlling the energy level, the bio-economy, of the American military force by controlling the flow of energy-robbing chemicals at the source. I began by making being hooked on smack so ridiculously cheap that any soldier could afford a habit. Then I ransomed these troops back to their command for a substantial sum of money. If the ransom wasn't paid, I'd cut off the smack and the world would have been treated to the spectacle of an entire expeditionary force going cold-turkey."

"I HIJACKED THE WHOLE FUCKING U.S. ARMY, do you understand?"

"Why did you stop?" one of us asked.

"Because another level of government stepped in and bettered the military's bid. I make more money now and don't have to spend all my time arguing with gooks. And now I've been asked to eradicate this cancer I'm sitting here squinting at."

"You are a cancer because you burgeon economically and don't have the faintest idea what to do with yourselves. You're so busy trying to build nest-eggs for yourselves so you can retire to hippie heaven that you can't see that you are at the pinnacle of an enormous secret society, the American soft drug culture organized from the bottom up, with the consumer knowing only his dealer, and his dealer knowing his dealer and that dealer knowing only his wholesaler and that wholesaler knowing only his distributor and that distributor knowing only his smuggler. It's a nearly perfect pyramidally structured secret society with yourselves at the top and you don't even know it's there—much less how to use it."

"O.K., how do we use it?" one of us asked.

"You use it by thinking of it as an enormous communications system. You have something you wish to communicate to 20 million people. You don't have to go on television. You don't have to go ringing doorbells. You simply tell the people you sell to and before this has happened seven times, every last acidhead and dopesmoker

in the country has gotten the message."

"And what's the message?"

"And what's the message?" The World mimics. What's the message? King Shit? We wanna know the message. Fuckin' buncha righteous dealers wanna know the message. I'm righteous. I'm hooked into the truth but you tell me the message."

"Well, I'm gonna tell you the message. The message is that Howard Hughes is the righteous dealers' choice for President. The righteous dealers' favourite son!"

Motherfucker began to laugh so hard he keeled over and it took both his attendants or whatever they were to get him up straight again. Combination of laughing and howling with pain. Meanwhile, we're punching ourselves, mumbling 'Howard Hughes for President' and shaking our heads in disbelief.

"Howard Hughes is your favourite son because he's a freak himself. You've all seen those drawings of him with long hair and a beard and is being kept captive by a bunch of fanatic Mormons who are using him to authorize their control of Hughes Tool Company to cover the domestic operations of the CIA. The Hughes empire is the largest institution in the country that doesn't have to make its affairs public, so there's room in it for every form of cover operation imaginable. And of Hughes resources have been used by the CIA to fight the Mafia's control of Las Vegas. Hughes himself has tried to escape several times. The whole Irving business was an escape plot that failed. Hughes thought that if enough of a star was created around his supposed autobiography the government would subpoena him to testify against Irving and when he failed to appear, the FBI—which is the arch-enemy of the CIA, would be mobilized to rescue him. Instead Irving copped to never having met Hughes, so Hughes' testimony isn't needed. The only hope now is electing him President. If he's elected President, he falls under the protection of the Secret Service, which has nothing to do with the CIA and which will have a mandate to find him and protect him from the people who are now using him. When Hughes is free he'll devote his whole fortune to revolutionizing the country. Every freak who has his own best interests at heart will vote for Howard Hughes in '72."

"Is this story you've been telling us true?" says one of us righteous dealers.

"Of course not. It is simply the myth you are going to create and which is going to percolate through the entire drug culture pyramid below you. Every freak in America is going to be told by his dealer to write in the name of Howard Hughes."

"What's the point of getting them to do that?"

"The point of getting them to do that is to split the youth vote away from the Democrats and ensure the re-election of Richard Nixon."

"Why should we want to ensure the re-election of Richard Nixon?" Richard Nixon is a fascist pig. "Precisely. Therefore, you can rest assured that if Richard Nixon is re-elected, you don't have to worry that marijuana will be legalized during the ensuing four years. In fact, I can promise you that if Richard Nixon is re-elected penalties will be stiffened at the federal level, regardless

of what happens at the State level. On the other hand, if a Democrat, a liberal Democrat wins, your fellows may just righteously find yourselves out of a job. If the Democrats legalize smoke it won't be so people like you can prosper, you can bet your golden coke spoons on that."

What was Kissinger doing through all this?

"Just sitting there. Every once in a while he'd whisper something to the pud who was taking notes. So then 'The World' says, 'That's the stick, now here's the carrot. Now that the war is winding down, we got a lot of Lactian smack we don't quite know what to do with. As an interim measure we've been using pretty much the same infrastructure here as we developed in South Viet Nam only now they're vets instead of grunts. But we don't have the sergeants, who were the executive level there, to work with, they're not organized good enough here. Well, we've got several choices. We could let the Cuban heavies have it or there's your righteous dealers. We could cut your righteous dealers in on it. I can see some of you squirming around out there in the peanut gallery, but you get a taste of some of that smack money and you'll see how fast you settle down. A lot of you altruists who'd never touch a load of smack, you never seen a fuckin' pound of the shit, man. And this ain't fuckin' quinine powder USP, this is 100 percent diacetylmorphine and if you can't dig it, snort a line and see where it takes you. Righteous dealers indeed! It's easy to be righteous if you ain't been tempted. You give us enough bullshit votes for Howard Hughes to shoe Nixon in and we'll guarantee dope'll be illegal til January 19, 1977 and front you all the smack you can get rid of. Take it or leave it. Get me out of here."

"And with that his two nurses or whatever they are start pulling him out of his seat and he's way the hell up in the air before I notice that he's still in a sitting position. Well, they've got his arms around their shoulders and they sort of wrestle with his hips and thighs and get his legs down to where they touch the floor. Then 'The World' shakes himself loose from the two dudes and walks to the door and out like there was nothing wrong with him. Kissinger and his people hustle toward the door like they're rushing to make a plane and the door slams behind them and there's just us and the insurance trainee and about four other dudes who look just like him."

"Would you please step this way?" one of them says and we file out and are walking down the path toward the airstrip and it's beginning to get light. We walk past a chain link fence onto the field where the planes are parked.

"As we pass this one hangar—not a hangar, really, more of a large shed, the insurance trainees stop and one pushed the sliding door open and switches on the light and we're standing there blinking at what looks like a cross between a pink elephant and a Cheyenne helicopter. "Go in, take a look around, we thought it'd interest you," they say. "It was like a half-taken-apart Cheyenne with scaffolding around one side and tables where different assemblies have been spread out to be repaired. The





HOWARD HUGHES:  
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entire other side of the copter is encased in what looks like a Disneyland version of an elephant in hot pink fibreglass. I mean, big ears, a long trunk, a little screwy tail, the works. Then, while we're standing there shaking our heads in disbelief the lights go off but there are lights behind the plastic casing of the helicopter so the whole thing glows pink.

"What the fuck is this," people are asking the insurance trainees. "We don't know," they say. "We just thought it would interest you. I never seen so much shrugging of shoulders and shaking of heads in my life. 'Weird,' is all anybody can think of saying."

"So we walk outside and they close the door behind us and we board the planes and take off. Some of the people on the left hand side of the plane thought they could make out the words 'Los Alamos' on the rooftops but I didn't see anything."

"We didn't fly back to where we'd come from. This time we landed at Ford Ord and were flown back to Boulder Creek in several smaller helicopters flying in a flotilla. When we got back to our cars there were slips of paper under the windshield wiper blades. Each one consisted of a candid photograph of the owner of the car printed next to what looked like a finger-print and underneath that the license number of the car."

"Then about a week later, one of my people arrives with an envelope addressed to me with my real name on it. I snatch it out of his hand as fast I got to apologize to the dude. I mean, even my old lady and partner don't know my actual, official, birth-certificate-type name. 'Where'd this come from?' I ask. One of Blanco Herbie's trucks is coming through at Ensenada and he gets pulled over by customs and the mule nearly freaks and they take him inside and he says, 'What is this shit the fix is in and you people know it,' and they say 'Relax, we've just got something we want you to give to your man on the other end,' and he says 'I don't even know who that is, like I'm dropping this shit and taking a walk' and they say 'That's cool, you just make sure you leave this with the drop,' and they hand him the envelope."

"So I open the envelope and inside there's a snapshot of my mother and father and my sister-in-law having dinner in my parents' kitchen, one of my fuckin' birth announcements. I mean, blue border with a blue ribbon for the day I was born, and a note. The note read as follows:

Teddy and Mary Jane  
Drive toward the bridge  
Stopped by, would you believe,  
A dozen leprechauns  
In green homespun suits  
And green beaver toppers  
Carrying blunderbusses and torches.  
They are not nice leprechauns  
They point their blunderbusses  
at Ted and Mary Jane  
And make them get out of the car  
They hand Teddy a bottle  
Of Dewars White Label  
And tell him to drink up  
In a squaky brogue  
Teddy hesitates,  
So a leprechaun triggers  
A burst of silenced automatic fire  
From his blunderbuss.

Teddy drinks up.  
Meanwhile another leprechaun  
Slams Mary Jane in the back of the head

With the butt of his blunderbuss.  
Mary Jane falls down  
The leprechauns take Mary Jane,  
Shove her in the back seat,  
Close the doors  
And push the car into the water.  
That's enough laddie,  
They say to Teddy  
And take the bottle from him.  
Teddy isn't feeling too steady on his feet,

Staring into the musalets  
Of a dozen automatic blunderbusses  
And rubs his eyes in consternation  
As out of the night sky  
Come to pick up the leprechauns  
And take them to their mountain home

Drops  
A large  
Pink Elephant  
Which hovers as one by one  
The leprechauns climb in  
Then rises  
Chiming  
The Mister Softee Jingle  
Leaving  
Poor Teddy  
All alone

Tottering on the bridge  
Warmest personal regards,  
CITIZENS FOR HOWARD  
HUGHES.

Silence. Might've been five minutes, but I didn't clock it.

So what are you going to do now, I asked my caller

"Hang up Jim. Somebody's waiting to use the phone. Click

\* \* \*

Now as far as I know this entire phone call may have been a crock of bat mung. I can't check it out through Billy Zig Zag 'cause to all intents there is no more Billy Zig Zag. Blanco Herbie is incommunicado in the way that only those of the Mexican persuasion can be incommunicado. Teddy and Herbie don't return my calls, Howard Hughes is in Nicaragua or Las Vegas or L.A. or somewhere. Nobody seems to want to talk about 'The World'.

I guess the only thing to do is keep a tight bung-hole and see how many people write to Howard Hughes for President come November. Personally I think it'd be a great rallying point regardless of 'The World' and his megalomaniacal programme. I mean, if we elect Nixon we get illegal dope and if we elect McGovern, we get legal dope. Dope is dope, legal or illegal.

But if we elect Howard Hughes, we get to see his face. I mean, he'd really have to be a rouse to refuse to be inaugurated, right? And as it happens, the only issue masses of Americans could rally round things having come to the pass they've come to is the common desire to sneak a peak at that old Texan face of his. So—

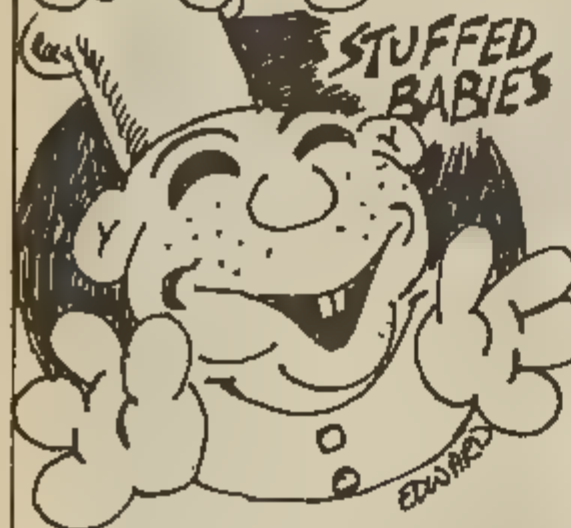
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# UNCLE CHUCKLES' PUD

## PAGE!

AND NOW HERE'S UNCLE CHUCKLES HIMSELF...



### (TO CATCH A) TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

(serves 2-3)

½ lb plain flour  
½ lb sausages  
2 eggs  
½ pint cows milk  
2 ozs dripping (fat of some kind)  
Salt (a little)

Make a batter, by mixing flour and salt in a basin, make a well in the centre and break in the eggs, add half the milk and with a little patience whisk to a smooth mixture, adding the remainder of milk as you go (You should allow this mixture to stand for 1½-2 hours) Pre-heat the oven, and melt dripping in baking tray (or whatever) until quite hot, pour on batter mix. Skin the sausages and place them "at random" in the batter. Bake for 35 minutes at Gas Mark 7, electric 450°F

NB By not putting in the sausages you will have "Yorkshire Pudding" Wow!!! Please to serve with good, thick, tasty brown gravy, just like Mom used to on a Sunday. Hi, Mom!

### SOME WHEAT GERM MUFFINS

1 cup wheat germ  
4 tbs brown sugar  
1 egg  
4 tbs baking powder  
1 cup whole wheat flour  
¾ tsp salt  
1 cup milk from a cow (or goat)

2 tbs oil

Mix milk and well beaten egg in bowl and add the wheat germ. Let mixture stand a minute or so, until wheat germ absorbs some moisture, sift in the flour, salt, baking powder and sugar. Mix very well. Add oil and stir. Half fill greased muffin tins (cake tins etc. will do) and bake in pre-heated oven at 400°F (electric), Mark 4½ (gas) for 20-25 minutes.

(a tested recipe from E. Moano Kitchens, Alhambra, California)

### A MUSHROOM AND SWEET-CORN ROAST

(serves 4-6)

¼ lb mushrooms  
1 tin sweetcorn (approx ½ lb)  
2 onions  
1 small brown bread loaf  
5 or 6 eggs  
½ lb cheese  
mixed herbs, salt, pepper

Grate brown loaf into crumbs. Fry onions till they start to brown, chop mushrooms and add with the sweet corn to the onions. Reduce heat so as not to fry mushrooms, just to warm through. Remove from heat and mix in brown bread crumbs, mixed herbs (about ½ tbs), salt, pepper. Beat eggs and mix in. Place mixture in casserole dish and bake in hot oven for about ½ hour. Remove from oven, cover dish with grated cheese and grill till cheese browns. Nice served with a green vegetable.

### THEM COCK-UP BISCUITS

5½ oz butter  
9 oz brown sugar  
3½ oz roasted, grated hazelnuts  
12½ oz wholemeal flour  
1-2 eggs  
juice and grated peel of one whole lemon, yep  
a pinch of cinnamon  
just a pinch of salt  
and a yolk of egg

Beat that batter until it creams, up in the sugar, and beat it again. Add all other ingredients, except the yolk of an egg, and knead until all is smooth. Keep cool for 1 hour, then roll out the dough 1/8th inch thick, brush with the yolk of egg, cut into phallic shapes, and bake in a very moderate oven (Gas Mark 5, electric 350°F) until golden brown.

A favourite at 12.35 a.m.

NB "They don't rise"

### BLACKBERRY AND APPLE JAM

3 lbs fresh blackberries  
1 pint water  
3 lbs sour apples  
preserving sugar

Place the blackberries in a pan with ½ pint water. Simmer slowly until tender, then sieve to remove the seeds. Peel, core and slice the apples, add the remaining ½ pint water, and cook until tender. Mash with a whisk or spoon. Add the sieved blackberries and weigh the pulp, add an equal weight of sugar, previously warmed. Stir, bring to the boil, and simmer until the jam sets when tested on a cold plate. Pot and cover immediately. (Good Housekeeping Institute)

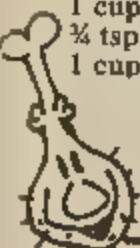
### WALLY'S SALAD

6 large dill gherkins  
2 large onions  
4-5 fat tomatoes  
½ cucumber  
1 green pepper  
vinegar  
black pepper

Slice them juicy dills into medium slices, cut onions into small cryable pieces, tomatoes to be rendered into eighths. The ½ cucumber must be sliced into reasonably thick slices and then each slice to be quartered. Slice that green pepper into something that resembles very small particles, and soak the whole lot in vinegar, keep in a cool place for approx ½ day, then eat with your whatever.

### MASHED POTATOES (POMMES PUREE)

- 1 Wash, peel and rewash those potatoes.
- 2 Cook in salted water
- 3 Drain off the water, place a lid on the saucepan and return to a low heat, so as to dry out those potatoes.
- 4 Pass through a medium sieve or a special potato masher directly into a vegetable dish.
- 5 Return those potatoes to a clean pan.
- 6 Add 1 oz of butter per lb, and mix in with a wooden spoon.
- 7 Gradually add warm cows milk (approx eighth pint) stirring continuously until a soft creamy consistency is reached.
- 8 Correct the seasoning.
- 9 Serve dome shaped in a vegetable dish. Plate or scroll with a palette knife.



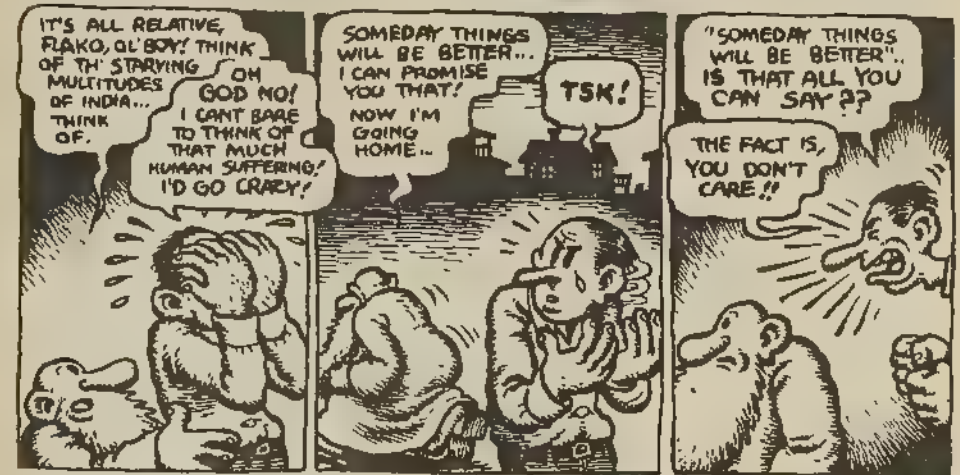


# MR NATURAL and FLAKEY FOOT in A GURL IN HOTPANTS

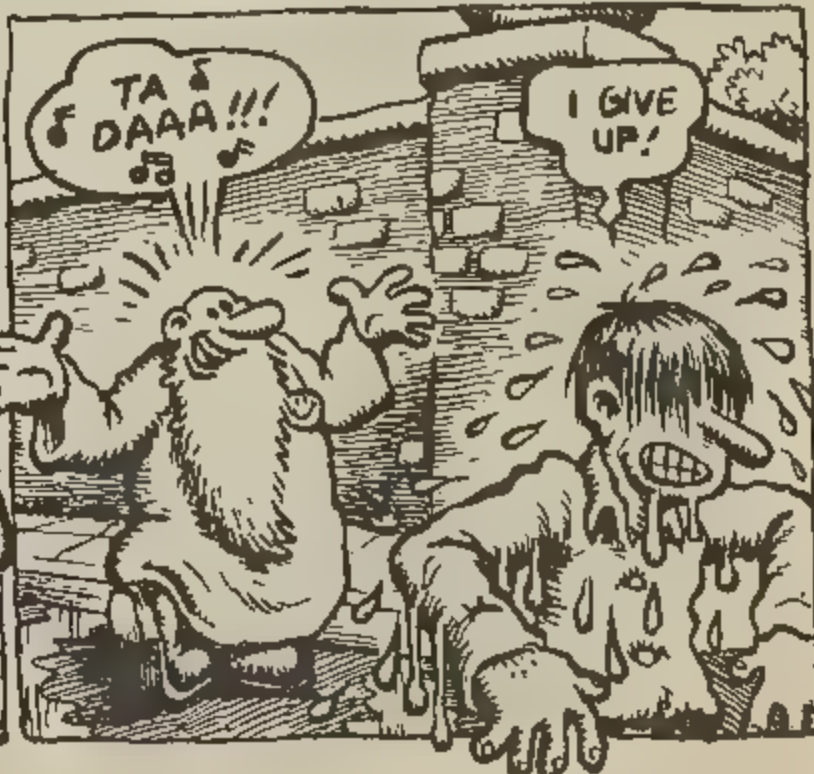
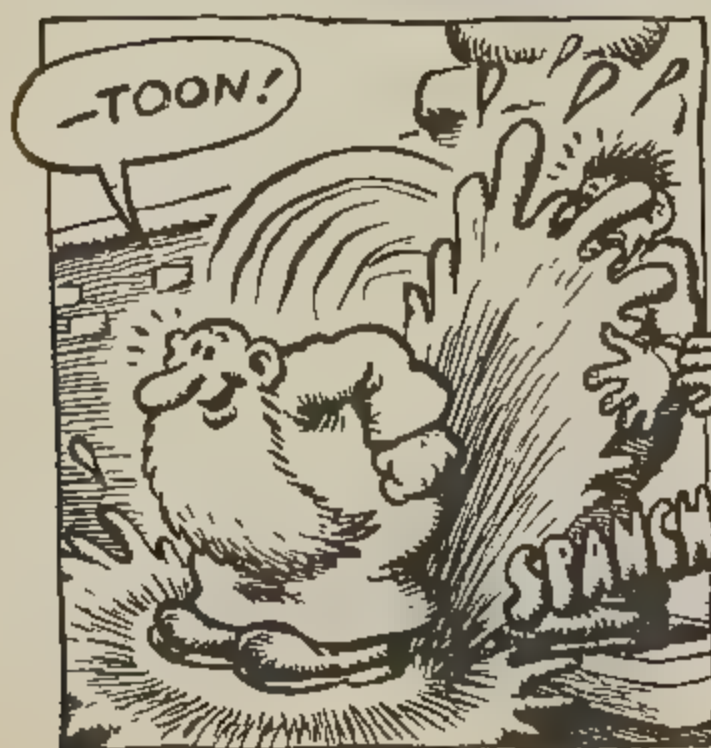
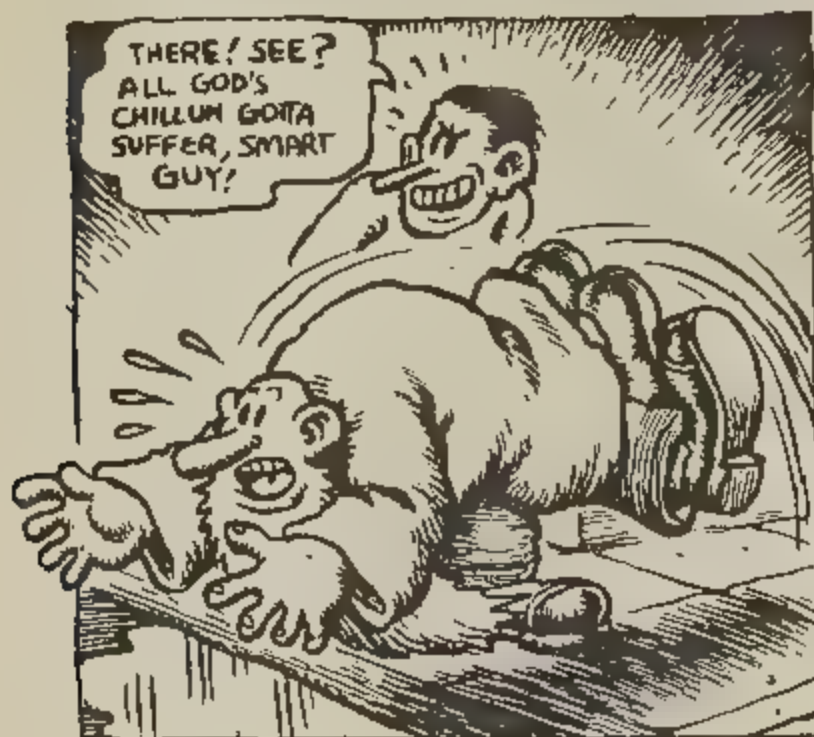
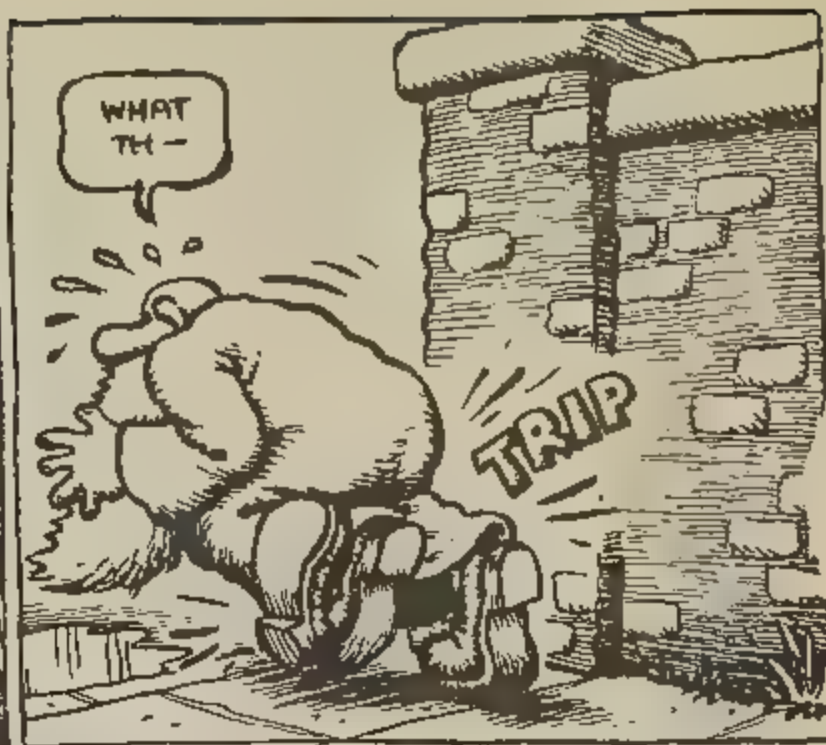
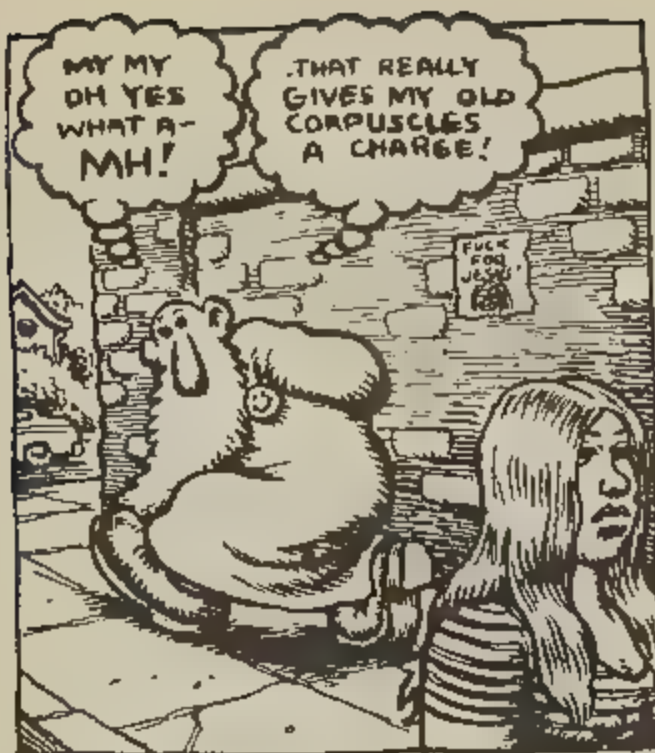
by R. CRUMB



CONT'D ON PAGE 11















Interviewers: Mick, Ed and Chris

# SHA NA NA

## HOW TO HOLD A SHA NA NA CONCERT

1. Get a hall large enough to hold everyone and his uncle
2. Make sure you bolt down all chairs, tables, hubcaps, uncles and other valuables
3. If you're a fella, work out with weights for two weeks prior to the concert
4. Get enough beer to float a 600 ton tanker (male)
5. Invite your civics teacher
6. Invite a girl stand her up and go by yourself
7. If you're a girl, accept a guy's invitation, stand him up and go stag
8. Change your name to one of the following: Sal, Rocco, Gino, Vanighano.
9. Cancel classes for a week after the concert (On second thought make that two weeks)
10. Hold Sha Na Na concerts every two weeks.

In the middle of a recent tepid Thursday afternoon, our intrepid, crazed interviewers fell out of their shiny black taxi into the forecourt of the Great Western Hotel in Paddington. In confused fashion they struggled past the astonished hotel folk, up many stairs along numerous corridors to room something or other wherein lurked the Sha Na Na. They were lurking happily, drinking Red wine and discussing their recent appearance on 'Old Grey Whistle Test'.

They derived great enjoyment from the discomfiture of poor old Richard Williams—“He’s such a Wimp” and unlimbering our tape recorders and cameras we were bound to agree. After passing

round the bottle of red and ordering up some coffee we got down to business.

IT: We’d basically come down to ask you what sort of food you like and what are your favourite girls, but I can’t go through with it.

Band: What’s your favourite food, Jack?

Jack: Salami.

IT: OK. Do you wanna tell us a brief history, like how this thing worked out?

Band: New York City 1969. A bunch of us started up singing A Cappella stuff together. We had this flash of doing a one shot concert in New York. We sort of put the whole thing together, flashed on the idea of doing the choreo-

graphy and got everybody to come dressed fifties style. We just turned the thing into a really groovy party overnight. So we decided to do it again.

We did a big outdoor one with about 400-500 people. At this time it was about May and we decided to stay together for the whole of the summer and see what happened. We talked our way into Steve Paul’s scene in New York City. It was the kinda place where you could do a really good show, and a lot of people who could be really important to you would show up. That’s what happened and we got booked into the Fillmore from there. We got booked into Woodstock from there. We got a record contract and an agency from there, we were the last group to ever play that club. It closed because the Mafia were pushing it. It was the protection scene, the manager of the place got pretty badly broken up that night and that was the end of the club. A lot of other groups got their start down there, Santana played there early on and Cocker played there.

In fact Sha Na Na are a dozen college graduates, kids who heard the records of the Fifties on the radio when they were less than ten years old. Now they’re banded together to insure that Rock and Roll is here to stay. This means a greasy approach to life with great attention paid to the correct attire for the job. Their clothes style is perhaps the most immediately dramatic thing about them as a band in

these days of glitterdusted and sequined rock stars. Sha Na Na look mean and punko aggressive on stage, they grease up for it, not to entrance the little chuckies in the audience but to attack. After their appearance at Steve Paul’s Scene in New York they played the Fillmores both East and West, setting all time encore records, and then appeared at Woodstock. Their first record appeared shortly after and they rapidly became cult heroes of rock revivalists on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

The first album was recorded when they’d been together only three months and was basically straight Sha Na Na as performed on stage. “We had the snow and we did it in the Studio.” The second album followed a year later and in some ways suffered from “what was going on in the group.” It was pretty schizophrenic. Those songs were pretty persona songs, we just weren’t a recording group, from the beginning.

The third album, due to be released sometime soon is according to the band, “Much more of a group recorded thing than the other two were.” With new songs and original material but as Jocko pointed out they “really have to approach the recording scene quite differently from the show. It’s sorta not crucial with us—we don’t need a hit record, though of course it wouldn’t hurt.”



IT I just wondered if you were confronted with the problem like Little Richard. There was a point about 18 months ago he was producing new stuff on a.bums. He came over here like Jerry Lee Lewis just has and was pelted with bottles. I was a staff when he tried to do new material. Nobody wanted to hear it. They wanted to hear the old songs and nothing else. Have you started to get trapped in the bag where you wanted to do something and it was like "Tell Laura I Love Her" because that's all the audience expects?

Band No, we haven't done anything else on stage yet. It may be interesting if it's set up right. I don't think, personally, the band is going to have any tremendous desire to do the new stuff on stage unless the new record meets with a lot of success.

We only do hits. That's all we've ever done on stage, hits. We've only been together three years and it's not stale, it's a gas, and it goes down a bomb.

IT Do you ever look at new fields of rock and roll? There seem to be whole areas that you haven't touched like say, the Everley Brothers?

Band If there's anything

we haven't touched there's a reason why we haven't done them. Like, we did the Everley's early on. We haven't touched Chuck Berry and we never will.

IT Why not?

Band He's still around, but probably even more because there's nobody in the group who could really put it down. Our lead guitarist is a great guitarist in rock'n'roll, but his vocals are not his strong point.

There is a point here in that you haven't ever really had Acapella in the UK, you're not hearing it much so when we do it it sounds almost like new.

IT Yeah, a rock revival band here is based on Gene Vincent and the Bluecaps.

Band Yeah, exactly, they do a Chuck Berry beat. You're used to having that so it wasn't as fresh to you, when you heard us doing it. It was good but to your foreign ears you didn't recognise good American rock'n'roll.

IT Well no. This is what we've grown up with, but we've had all the solo, kind of Southern, Tennessee rockers over here. They all came here to retire like Gene Vincent.

Band, Eddie Cochran was very big here and he wasn't that much in the States.

IT Yeah, Buddy Holly was enormous here too, he seems to be another area you don't cover.

Band We did for a while, we had a guitarist for a couple of months, two years ago, who did great Buddy Holly. We did "That'll Be

The Day" but he had such a stylised voice and we really don't like to go ahead and do things unless we're really gonna do them well.

IT Do you find yourselves billed with old rock and roll stars on shows?

Band Every once in a while, but not often. We played the first rock'n'roll revival show that they ever had. They had the Shirelles, Chuck Berry, the Platters, you name it. They were lucky they billed us because the whole thing was a flop. We were the best people on the show because we were practising. Bill Haley seems to be the only one who really cares now. The rest of them only seem to be up there for the money.

Like Jimmy Clanton really worried that all we were doing was dumping on the old songs. After a certain point it becomes a hindrance to be identified with that whole rock'n'roll revival scene. Because when you put us in that same context it makes us seem more of a hype, which is what a lot of the press has always wanted to say. That we were just ripping off from the old rock'n'roll.

IT I wonder why so few of the Acapella groups made it over here in Britain.

Band When you say Acapella, you mean without instruments, like the 'Doo Whap' vocal groups right. Like the Manhattans, the Penguins, the Del Vikings. They were coming from the street corners and the record companies obviously marketed the records where they were

gonna do well. So they pushed the instruments down, the orchestras went behind. Don't let me give you the impression that they were putting out Acapella records with just words and nothing else behind them.

IT Acapella over here was very much a Marketing Term, there were very few groups that really made it here. Like the 'Drifters'. A lot of the time you got the impression that it was just the same guys changing their names.

Band To a certain extent that was true. Roulette Records put out two singles with Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, then they split up and Frankie Lymon went his way. They performed separately, then there was such a wealth of musicians in towns like Washington, Detroit, Baltimore, that they didn't have to worry about the groups. It was a 45 market, a one single market, and they could always find a new group.

IT Currently there seems to be a sort of revival of early Beatles music and in a couple of years there'll probably be a revival of psychedelic bands and lightshows. The phenomenon seems strange, almost like the end of progress.

Band That's the whole problem. Exactly. When the rock scene blew in the mid-fifties, the Russians were saying this is the end point of Western decadence, and when that comes that's gonna be a whole scene. So we had this to worry

about in the fifties and the sixties, and now into the seventies and now you've got the new AM radio kids grooving on that and doing it more plastic than it was originally. That's a real problem, what are you gonna do? When are we gonna have a new thing, a new musical thing that's gonna Explode!?

## ELVIS PRESLEY Elvis Now (RCA)

That snoring sound you hear is Elvis Presley recording "Elvis Now". After his renaissance at the end of the '60s, he's gone right back to sleep again, and for the most part he sounds just like any paunchy pub baritone mumbling his way through a selection of more or less contemporary material from the pens of Paul McCartney, Kris Kristofferson, Gordon Lightfoot and Les Reed. The album's worst moments are a song entitled "Miracle of the Rosary" and his hideous version of Buffy St Marie's beautiful "Until It's Time for you to Go". If Buffy were to dismember Elvis with a meat-axe, this recording would, if played in court, result in an acquittal from any jury compounded of reasonable human beings.

The album's final selection, "I Was Born About Ten Thousand Years Ago" is fifth rate Presley that nevertheless stands head and shoulders above anything else on "Elvis Now". He wrote it himself, and it sounds as if they woke him up to sing it. Elvis, repeat one hundred times every night before going to bed "Youcandoiny-

thingbutgetoffmabue-suedeshoes."  
Charles Shaar Murray.







## STEPHEN STILLS & MANASSAS

Manassas (Atlantic double)  
I never really had that much use for Stephen Stills. I dug the stuff he did with the Buffalo Springfield way back in the days when he wasn't Too Proud or Too Much Of An Artist to be referred to as just plain Steve, but I rarely got any pleasure from CSNY in any combination. "Wooden Ships" was so much better with Grace Slick and Paul Kantner wailing out those long convoluted lines than it ever was with Crosby and Stills and poor old Willy Nash was just too glutinous for human consumption. Besides, it would take a long time for me to forgive Stills for that wincingly out-of-tune guitar in "Woodstock".

Well After a financially successful but artistically disastrous solo career Stephen Stills has finally gotten the message and formed a band. And what a fuckin' band! Manassas, and the album named after them, have brought Stephen Stills back home. Four sides of rock, blues, country, folk and pop, mostly meat and hardly any fat worth mentioning at all. Chris Hillman (ex-Byrds bassist) as second guitarist and vocalist, the old CSNY firm of Dallas Taylor and Fuzzy Samuels on drums and bass, noted Hollywood arranger Paul Harris on keyboards, ex-Burrhead pedal steel guitarist Al Perkins and Joe Lala on percussion and backing vocals. This my

friends is a band.

Double albums are the best of times. Too many of them are padded out with inferior material. The Cream and 'Wheels of Fire' have a lot to answer for since every schmuck group felt it had to follow in the masters' footsteps. We can, I suppose, be thankful that Black Sabbath have as yet restrained themselves. But Stills and Manassas fill the space pretty well. Stephen says that rock, blues, country and folk each have a side, but it gets pretty evenly mixed. "Faded Eagle" is about as country as things ever get, with the brilliant fiddle of Byron Berline (formerly of the Dillards), and it's followed up by "Jesus Gave Love Away For Free" (yes, really!) with Perkins' mournful steel guitar floating over Harris' equally lachrymose piano. Hillman has one of the album's best moments with a song called "Bound to Lose" with vocal harmonies startlingly reminiscent of Matthews' Southern Comfort's "And Me", an obscure classic if ever there was one.

There are only occasional traces of Stills' hateful heavyhandedness. The album's final cut is Stephen Stills The Lonesome Picker alone in the spotlight with his acoustic box, pickin' out "Blues Man" (in tribute to J.J. Hendrix, Al Wilson, Duane Allman). It's positioning at the end of the album implies that it's intended as an encore, a final statement. Quite simply, it ain't that good. Sure it's nice to know

that he cares, and ever since "4 & 20" we know that he does that kind of thing pretty well, but it's supremely arrogant to imply that Manassas' definitive pronouncement is a Stephen Stills solo trip. And, of course, included with the album is a nice little colour poster with the lyrics scrawled out on the back and signed by - wait for it - Steve Stills. Sure it's okay to call you Steve, Mr Stills? Sure wouldn't want to be disrespectful to the man who wrote "Suite Judy Blue Eyes".

Charles Shaar Murray.



## MOTHERS Just Another Band From L.A. (Reprise/Bizarre)

Another live gig from Frank and the Boys and what a fine album it really does make. This appears to be the travelling Mothers, with Volman, and Kaylan in great voice, Ian Underwood, Don Preston and Jim Pons whirling along on winds, keyboards, min-Moog, bass, etc., etc., Aynsley Dunbar thinking out that rhythm on the drums and

Frank Zappa himself zipping in and out of the whole righteous madness with fast guitar and snappy wisecracks.

The Mothers (Zappa) as usual pour a steady stream of cold water mixed with soda pop right down the briskeys of a very young tootsie out on a Saturday night. Its so coarse. Ha! Spawning away with music that stretches out, stops short, spins on a dime and then takes off in another direction as we remarked when listening the first time, "Fuckin' breathakin'!"

Tracks include the lengthy, mysterious 'Billy the Mountain', 'Dog Breath', 'Call Any Vegetable' and their new masterpiece 'Eddy are you kidding.' This last takes as its theme the amazing sales routine of one Eddy who has 60 tailors in the back of Zachary Hall a monstrous Suit Store covering several acres of Los Angeles. This place does exist, truth is just as strange as fiction. And when the band cut down into fifties riffs they really cut down man. The tightest, most professional sound I've heard this year from a band. As the man himself says early on, on side two in the midst of Call Any Vegetable "It's just fuckin' Great to be alive and if there's anybody here who doesn't think that its just fuckin' great to be a live, I wish they would leave now, because this show will really bring them down."

Too true, my friends, too true.  
Chris Rowley.

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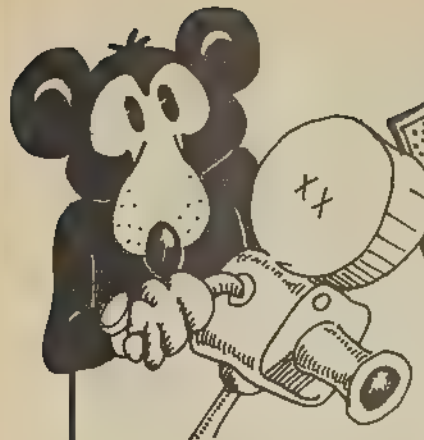
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# FILMS

## COOL BREEZE

Ritz, Leicester Square

The scene is the top floor office of MGM in Hollywood

—MGM President Howard, how much did you say we made with Shaft.

Howard Six million dollars by January 1972, sir

President Well, that sure looks like there's a market for pictures with blacks, and black asses, and bad white cops, and action and crap like that

Howard Yes sir, sure sir

—President Well start shooting a few more of those goddam lousy movies. We'll make a fast buck.

—Howard But sir, what do I do for plot?

President Take the Asphalt Jungle and make it black, and hip.

—Howard Yessir

President And Howard not too expensive, huh?

Ten months later the movie opens in London, England, and when your trusted narrator saw it there were three people in the cinema, and he ended up crying about Hollywood's latest insanity and the newest way of falsifying and exploiting black culture

Gordian Troeller

## MADE FOR EACH OTHER

(Robert R Bean, 1971, US)

Carlton, Haymarket

By the time this review hits the stands, it could well be that this film will be making the circuit rounds. It is a film which is worth seeing because underneath its surface, it manages to touch quite accurately on so ne of the tensions and trials which affect us all, however cool and together we might appear on the outside. It is however a movie which has to be peeled and scrubbed before you get any value out of it, making it necessary to separate characters from plot, and extract what value there is from quite a lot of irrelevancies. It's a bit like a meccano set, which the director has assembled erroneously and which the audience has to dismantle and piece together again

Gordian Troeller



It's a beautiful cartoon... NO SHIT!

FRITZ the CAT x

## WHATS UP DOC?

(Peter Bogdanovich, 1972, US)

Warner Rendezvous

If you ever feel like going to the movies, for pure, honest to goodness fingerlicking, escapist entertainment, then you couldn't do better than 'What's up Doc' at the Warner West End. Bogdanovich has created for you a 93 minute masterpiece of unrelenting visual fun.

The plot is unimportant as it is the care and verve which he puts into the film which raises it above any usual Hollywood comedy. Cinematically, What's up Doc is most definitely a derivative film. sequences from 'Bullitt', the Keystone Cops, Chaplin etc. are reshot using more modern techniques, greater care in composition and superior acting from Ryan O'Neal and Barbara Streisand, who manages to be irresistible. If one sat down to knock the cohesion of the film, this would be not impossible, but even if the substance of What's up Doc is watery, the film becomes masterly through the precise and careful style which Bogdanovich carries all the way through.

I have never laughed so much in my cinema going experience, and for once there was no bitter after-taste in my mouth

Gordian Troeller

## WAITERS ON THE DANCE

(Arlington Books) by Julian Jay

Savarin, £2 25.

Waiters on the Dance is the first book of a trilogy. A very biblical tale, full of myth and legend. It opens with Cosmic Man Jael Adaaman, the black superstar of space and the Galactic Organisation & Dominions (better known as G O D ) You get the idea. But don't be put off. There are so many badly constructed and repetitive sci-fi novels published, that it comes as a real pleasure to find one written in the Grand scale of Dune and Asimov's Foundation

Julian Jay Savarin is a 27 year old guy who believes he is descended from the ancient Mayan people and the French Caribs. From the photograph supplied by the publishers, he appears to be very good looking. He has already had an album released by his band, Julians Treatment, and there is another one due for release at the same time as the book. The record will also be called Waiters on the Dance.

The first book tells of the voluntary exile from Haven, of the seeding of Terra, the founding and downfall of Atlantis, and the growth of aggression on Terra. The first chapters are excellent, very tightly written. The middle section I found less well written, some of the worst words used seemed, to me, to jar with the overall "grand theme." There are, again to me, unnecessary sexual passages. Towards the end, the book picks up again and becomes at times almost unbearably sad, as man's age old plea echoes to the Gods "Why have you forsaken us?"

Certainly better than the average sci-fi novel. Personally I'm looking forward to the next book of the trilogy

Joy Farren

## ON OUR KNEES (IRELAND

1972) by Rosita Sweetman

(Pan Special, illus, 35p)

Rosita Sweetman is a 24 years old Irish lady, a founder member of the Irish Women's Liberation Movement

# BOOKS



This is her first book. On Our Knees is the only book about Ireland that has both entertained AND informed me. For those, like me, who were rapidly becoming totally confused about Ireland, the Irish question, and the Irish, this book is a must. The introduction gives a very concise general outline of Irish politics (?) which is at times quite hilarious.

Quote "The Special Branch is a grandiose term for a rather tatty bunch of thugs in worn tweed jackets, trousers that are slack across the arse and right at the ankle. They're quite superfluous as detectors because everybody who's anybody knows each one of them; and when Jack Lynch threatened to introduce internment in the South, there was almost as much consternation among "the Branch" as among the IRA, because with "the lads" locked up they'd have no excuse to go drinking in pubs "detecting" Republicans."

Most of the book consists of a series of interviews with men and women from Northern and Southern Ireland, from priest to protestant. What came through most strongly to me, perhaps because of Rosita Sweetman's involvement with Women's Lib, was the plight of Irish women. Second, sometimes third class, citizens for centuries they are now being oppressed both by their men and by British soldiers.

Quote "When did you last have a loaded rifle stuck up your skirt by a soldier on your way home from a dance, or a pub, with your husband/boyfriend?"

Quote "When Women's Lib was founded in Dublin, the first thing the group did was sit down and try and document the position of Irish women. They discovered before the law men had by far the best deal. Deserted wives have no legal rights to refuse their husbands readmission to the homestead. A woman who leaves home has no rights. Children must be register-

ed on their father's passport. Men can legally decide what their wife's weekly allowance should be." And so on and so on

Altogether an excellent and well put together book. Excellent value at 35p.

## JANIS

(Nel) by David Dalton

£1.25.

"I'm going to write a book about you," David Dalton, Rolling Stone reporter, told Janis Joplin when she was beginning her first tour with her Full Tilt Boogie Band in Louisville, Kentucky.

"Honey" Janis replied in partying manner and with an eye to the future, "if you can pay for the plane tickets then you can follow me around for the rest of my life."

And the result is this beautiful book, which every Janis fan should immediately rush out and buy, with its 47 illustrations, conversations with Janis up to the time of her death in Larkspur, San Francisco in October 1970. David Dalton's sympathetic human account, in both his imagery and interpretations, carries on the whole Janis myth of misunderstood child, romantic girl and perpetually disappointed woman, drinking her way around America and turning on millions of kids to her own brand of the blues.

"The black man's blues is based on the have not. I'm a middle class white chick from a family that would have loved to send me to college and I didn't wanna. I had a job, I didn't dig it, I had a car, I didn't dig it. I had it real easy, and then one day I realized it in a flash sitting in a bar—that it wasn't an uphill incline that one day was going to be all right, it was your whole life. You'd never touch that fucking carrot, man, and that's what the Kosmic Blues are, cause you know you ain't never going to get it." Caroline.

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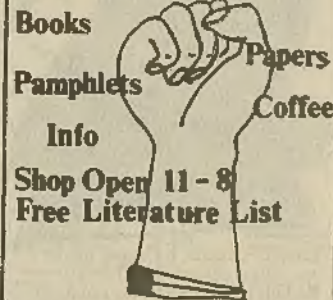


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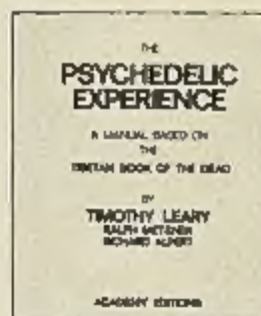
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